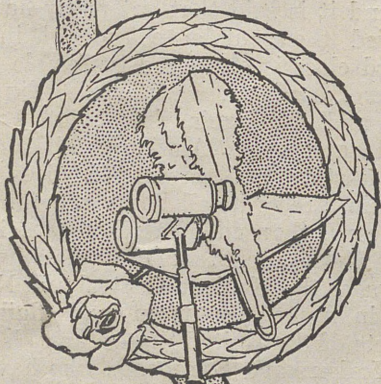
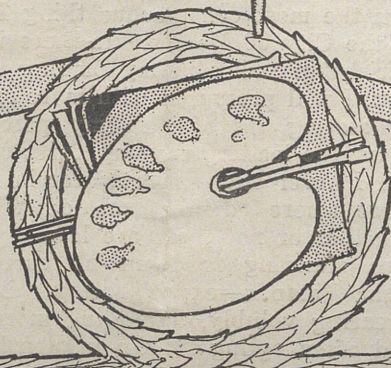
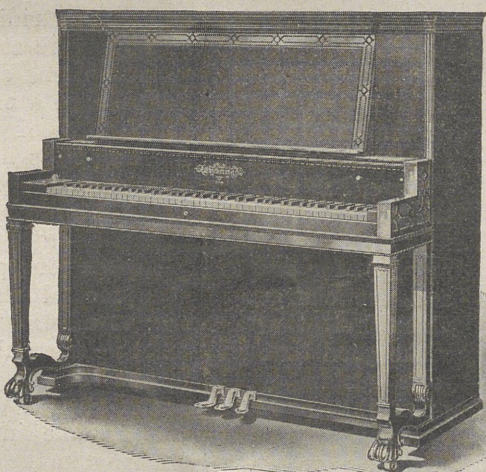


Graphic



VOL. XXVIII Los Angeles, Cal., Mar. 21, 1908. No. 16



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My Impressions of Modern Mexico.—II

By MAJOR BEN C. TRUMAN

The poorer classes are in evidence, as in all big cities in all lands, but there are few men and women to be seen on the streets who do not appear to have something to do; and the men are equally divided with the donkeys as creatures of burden. There are, of course, beggars, but these are generally little boys or cripples, aged and decrepit women, or young mothers with babies on their backs or at their breasts; but they are never importunate or otherwise troublesome—indeed, a dozen of them may be succored at the price of one julep, or a single Natividad cigar. Besides, these mendicants always bless you and wish you well, which delights me and does me as much good, undoubtedly, as if I had been blessed by the highest person of the greatest church of all.

By the way, the vagaries of mendicants constitute an interesting study, not only from the standpoint of the importuning ones, but from that of the dispensers of alms; and what may be said of the institution as seen at the capital holds throughout the republic. In the first place, the beggars throughout Mexico are a hundred times less numerous than are encountered in Italy and Spain. They never expect more than a centavo (half of one American cent), and they accept the small coin or a "not today" with equal thankfulness and composure. As a matter of fact, these poor creatures are liked, or at least never disliked; and thousands of the inhabitants of Mexico City provide themselves with small coppers daily to disburse among wayfaring unfortunates. And these same unfortunates give liberally to their own kind. In other words, they are not professional beggars and savers; they do not put their coppers away, they spend them; they give to each other, and they go daily into an adjacent church and place a centavo or two in a box near some crucifix—laying up some treasure in heaven, poor as they are.

There is not a hundredth part as much smoking as I had supposed. There is little or no smoking upon the streets by the working classes, and no smoking at all by boys. Young men and occasionally old women indulge in cigarettes in street cars, which is not objectionable; rather the fragrance from the cigarettes often offsets the almost nauseating odor of musk or patchouli rankly disseminated when some lovely American woman or Texas Senegambian enters the car. Cigars are almost wholly used by Americans, Englishmen and Cubans; and a really good cigar costs as much in Mexico as a really good one costs in California. Natives seldom chew tobacco, and even few Englishmen or Americans chew or indulge in the pipe. And I may add that, in this city of nearly half a million inhabitants, there are not three places where tobacco is sold where there are twenty in many California towns.

* * *

Of course I cannot speak knowingly of the drinking habits of the poorer classes in and around their homes, but in a month's steady sojourn in the heart of the city, and during many miles of walking and carriage or car riding daily, I never saw a working man or other person the least under the influence of strong drink. I have seen drinking at the

hotel and other bars, at the clubs, and even in the cheap cantinas, but I have never noticed any one overcome by too much. Good whisky by the drink is about 12½ cents, in our money, and rye highballs and dry Martini cocktails are the favorite potations. Beer is always 7½ cents in our money a glass. The best native beer comes from Orizaba, and it is very safe and good. All wines are as high and most of them higher than in California. Pulque is the native liquor, and sells at the cantinas for from two to five cents (in our money) a drink.

* * *

The absence of that class known as loafers was the most conspicuous thing I observed in the City of Mexico. If there is a bit of "Irish" paradox in my manner of expression, I will present it with more explicitness by stating that in all my peregrinations about the leading thoroughfares of the capital I never once saw a loafer in front of a place where drinks or cigars are sold. Whether or not there are laws against persons standing in front of barrooms and cigar stands—expectorating incessantly, swearing volubly, wrangling intermittently, and often ogling women insolently, as may be often seen in many American cities—I do not know. I only know that such things are seldom or never seen in the City of Mexico.

* * *

Carriage riding and street car riding can be indulged in often without much strain on even an attenuated purse. There are two sets or grades of carriage rigs, which are denominated by colors in the way of guidons and numbers. Thus the first-class hack, or voiture, has blue numbers and guidons, and the second-class red. The charges for the first class are about 80 cents an hour (in our money), for one, two, three or four persons, and the charges for the second class are about half that amount. And the drivers make good time and exact no tips; although it is customary for all patrons to bestow upon these amiable Jehus at least twenty cents, in their money (a dime in ours). After a person has been long in the city he hardly need glance at numbers or guidons, as there is a marked difference between the steeds, harness and vehicles of the two classes. The rates for street-car riding within the city are three cents (in our money), and from five to six cents (in our money) for rides out of town. For instance, the rate for a ride to San Angel, 16 miles, is 12 centavos (which is six cents in our money). There are no transfers, and no round-trip rates, but there are second and third-class cars and rates. The city cars make pretty nearly as good time as our own, and the suburbs about a third less time than those of the Long Beach and Santa Monica lines. The city cars stop on the near side; passengers enter at the rear and alight from the front, and accidents are scarce.

The efficiency and amiability of the operators of these cars are a revelation, and stand out in wonderful contrast with the harshness often displayed by American motormen and the arrogance and insolence

of the average urban conductor; the conductor in Mexico City never rings a start until the passenger is well on to the car with both feet or has fully alighted; the motorman never has any conversation with any person, and keeps his eye and his mind on his business and seldom has a collision or other accident. There are no fenders on any of the cars, nor no need of them, because the motormen carry out their instructions to the letter and because there is a scarcity of idiots who are continually attempting to run down or jump in front of a speeding car. Even in the localities inhabited by the poorer classes there are never any babies playing along the tracks, nor no boys of seven or eight years running ahead of the cars, turning handsprings a hundred feet away and either scaring or exasperating a motorman nearly to death.

The American is supremely in evidence in the Mexican capital (and in all the states of the republic), although the Englishman is not inconspicuous. There are three classes of the former—the American capitalist and banker, and the operator and promotor of mines and machinery, the merchant and builder, and the managers of railroads, forming one class; for nearly all the bankers and insurance men are Americans. The same may be said of the architects and builders and promoters of mines and other public activities. Hlibbard, of the National, and McDonald, of the Mexican Central, and a majority of their clerks and stenographers are Americans; and they are capable, affable and all-around excellent people. A second class is composed of young men from all parts of the United States, who have secured positions in stores, railroad and insurance offices, and in hotels, mining bureaus and newspaper concerns; there are thousands of these in the City of Mexico from 21 to 30 years of age, and so long as they practice sobriety and industry so long do they prosper; and it is said that not many have ever betrayed the confidence reposed in them. A third class is composed of female stenographers from Texas, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana and California, in about the order named; and other American girls may be found in stores and newspaper offices. Upon the main streets at all hours are throngs of Americans, thousands of whom are in business. There are other thousands who are visitors, as the Mexican Central and National bring in tremendous train loads daily from all parts of the United States, and also many New Yorkers and Europeans who have come by steamer via Havana to Tampico and Vera Cruz. The leading hotels and restaurants, electric and steam railway trains, and many of the stores are crowded with Americans. Quite a number of stores are owned by Englishmen, while scores of cheap bars (cantinas) are run by Italians. The German is not numerous, and, strange as it may seem, the Jew is not on top as a merchandizer, and is seldom seen in a safe or on the street. The English, or, I may more properly say, American language, is spoken and heard almost everywhere; the newspaper peddler, the bootblack and the barkeep, all know

(Continued on Page 4)

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Matters of Moment

Taking Their Names in Vain.

Mayor Busse of Chicago must either be a humorist or as unpractical a person as some of the professors in his neighboring university, who are wont to hurtle the air and provide sensational texts for yellow newspapers with their fantastic theories and vain suggestions.

Mayor Busse has expressed his intention—if his exhortations fail—of invoking legal aid to prevent the derision of the rich and great men of the earth upon the Chicago stage. He would restrain any vaudeville performer from treating the name of John D. Rockefeller with unbecoming levity; he would protect the sanctity of J. Pierpont Morgan by forbidding his impersonation by any lightning change artist, and he would prevent the faded but still picturesque personality of Chauncey M. Depew from being obtruded before the footlights in any shape or manner.

This remarkable crusade has been initiated by the sending of letters, stamped with the Chicago municipal seal and authority, to all theater managers requesting that vaudeville performers abstain from all exhibitions, songs and monologues that tend to ridicule "malefactors of great wealth," and the plutocracy in general. If these requests prove futile—as most assuredly they will—an attempt is threatened to discover legal measures by which the nuisance may be abated.

In this country of independent thought and free speech, such efforts to inaugurate a sort of "lèse majesté" have always proved abortive, and always will. Some years ago the California Legislature solemnly passed a bill which made it a misdemeanor on the part of a newspaper to cartoon a citizen, or even to reproduce his photograph, without his consent. This law, which presumably still encumbers the statute book, was a dead letter from the day of its enactment, and only served as an additional stimulus to the pencils of cartoonists to ridicule its framers, and, alas, alas! as a means of bringing other laws into contempt.

There is but one test either of a cartoon or

a stage joke, as far as society is concerned, and laws, we are too prone to forget, are merely the expression of the temper, habit and custom of society. If a cartoon is offensive to the readers of a newspaper, they have the remedy in their own hands—they can "stop their paper." If a stage joke or an impersonation is scandalous, the patrons of the theater can at once rebuke it, and the observant manager who keeps one eye on the stage and the other on the audience, promptly orders its suppression. Of course, if either the cartoon or the stage production is libelous, the person so libeled has legal redress.

The immediate effect of Mayor Busse's crusade is certain to prove an irritant. Rockefeller, Morgan and Depew jokes will at once become more popular than ever on the Chicago stage, and it will be surprising if Mayor Busse does not find himself the butt of all the local monologuists.

It is true that American readers of newspapers and patrons of theaters are extraordinarily long suffering, and lenient. They are not easily provoked into registering their displeasure at exhibitions of bad taste, but that is because they have grown to regard neither newspapers nor theaters seriously, and treat both with great indulgence, as long as they provide sensation or distraction.

As long as there are people who are amused or interested by stage jokes concerning prominent figures in the national life of the day, there will be found plenty of theater managers and performers to cater to that taste, however deplorable it may be, and however Mayor Busse may inveigh against it. In the meanwhile, Rockefeller, Morgan et al will find no reason to be grateful to Mayor Busse for his friendly interference.

"No Effective Public Opinion."

Daily newspapers are certainly not distinguished for confessions of their own impotence in uplifting public opinion. On the contrary, it is the fashion of the daily press to insist—despite the overwhelming evidence that it presents every day against itself—that its influence for righteousness is incomparable. Editors impress us that intol-

erable injustices, violations of law, and all manner of grievous scandal, political, moral and social, are corrected by the power of the journals whose destinies they are supposed to guide. No great reform movement, they protest, was ever realized without the power of the press.

Hence, sufficient candor on the part of a newspaper to admit that it and its contemporaries signally failed in an imperative and obvious duty is as rare as it is instructive. In reviewing the hopeless slough into which the Spreckels Prosecution has plunged itself by its base bargaining with Abraham Ruef, the San Francisco "Chronicle" confesses: "During the Schmitz administration the practice of bribery became universal among all having dealings with the city authorities. This was as well known before there was legal proof of it as it is now, and there was no effective public opinion to condemn it."

Surely this is an extraordinary admission, and none the less extraordinary because it is transparently true. At the same time, it constitutes the most terrible self-arraignment of the San Francisco press. Public opinion, the daily newspapers would have us believe, is moulded and directed by the newspapers. The universal reign of graft in San Francisco was fully recognized, but "there was no effective public opinion to condemn it." In other words, such efforts as were made by the San Francisco press to condemn the Ruef-Schmitz tyranny of corruption were totally ineffective and futile. Only one demonstration of the truth of the "Chronicle's" confession is needed. Eugene Schmitz was re-elected mayor in 1905 by an enormous majority, and Abraham Ruef was re-enthroned as political boss when nine voters out of ten in San Francisco were perfectly familiar with the shameful conditions of extortion and corruption which that partnership had generated. And, at the time, there was only one newspaper in San Francisco which pretended any friendship for, or defense of, the Ruef-Schmitz administration. Why were the rest of the San Francisco newspapers so totally ineffective,

so absolutely impotent to stem the Ruef-Schmitz tide? The conclusion is inevitable that the people of San Francisco had lost all confidence in the sincerity of the newspapers, and consequently could not be influenced by their condemnations and homilies.

The "Chronicle" emphasizes its conviction of the deplorably low level of public morality in San Francisco by declaring: "In its ordinary mood public opinion in this city does not condemn successful and unopposed bribery of public officials. The test is the social test. And it is the same in other cities. When, however, there is a sensational exposure, for the time being everybody is ready to turn and rend the men who get caught." The shred of consolation that

the "Chronicle" apparently draws to itself by protesting that "it is the same in other cities," is not warranted by facts. Philadelphia alone can claim any competition with San Francisco for the record in unopposed prevalence of municipal corruption. "In its ordinary mood," in all cities, public opinion **does** condemn bribery, but to make such condemnation effective, public opinion must be voiced by a vigilant, fearless and sincere press.

When truth is sacrificed to sensationalism, when editorial opinion is guided by the number of papers sold, when convictions are prostituted to profits, newspapers need not be surprised to discover that there is "no effective public opinion" to condemn munic-

ipal unrighteousness, and that they are powerless to arouse the public conscience. Every newspaper in San Francisco has bowed down before the graven image known as Organized Labor. They have all catered to the desires and tastes of the unions; they were all afraid to take a firm, bold and independent stand for law and order, for individual rights and for industrial freedom, lest they lost circulation, "south of Market street," and as a consequence would be deprived of advertising patronage. If they have gained circulation, they have gained it at the loss of influence. And this is the true reason why there was "no effective public opinion" in San Francisco to condemn and prevent the universal reign of graft."

My Impressions of Modern Mexico.—II

By MAJOR BEN C. TRUMAN

(Continued from page 2)

more or less of our language, and in all the hotels and cafes, railway ticket offices, and stores and elsewhere, American-English is fluently spoken.

It seems to me that the heartiest and most numerous members of the American colony are the Texans; not the old manner of Texans of forty and fifty years ago, who wore sombreros and carried pistols and knives in their belts and boots, but human beings not unlike the men from Maine or New York, Illinois or Nebraska, Arkansas or Georgia, Nevada or California, except that he can swear more dramatically, drink more frequently and expectorate more copiously. But he is a first-class fellow in every way, and has put his money, his wits and his muscle largely into the activities that are building up Mexico. I dropped onto one thing that I had never known before, and that is the bitter or jocose feeling that exists between men from Eastern and Western Texas—the former disdaining the idea that there are any pretty women west of San Antonio, and the latter claiming that there are no men of renown or intelligence in Galveston or Houston.

There is an epidemic, I might say, of hospitality and affability among all classes; none so poor nor so rich, none so high nor so low, so worshiped nor so despised, as to have escaped the malady. The policeman, the post-office attache, the restaurateur, the railroad employe, the drivers of all cars, carts and other vehicles, the barber and the bootblack, and all the officers and clerks of the government, from President Diaz down to the humblest servitor, seem to be equipped with that old-time politeness that seems to have become a lost art in many parts of the United States. There are never any violent rushes for street cars, nor for theater tickets, nor any tumultuous surging by and against more quiet others in crowds, no matter how densely packed may be the streets; and all those with whom you have made a proper acquaintance are seemingly desirous of entertaining you or of making you a beneficiary in some acceptable way. I have lunched with two presidents and one vice-president of banks, and each assured me quietly that if I had any checks that I wanted cashed or if I required any financial favors of any kind to let him know, and he would be pleased to accommodate me. The clubs of the City of Mexico are not numerous, and with the exception of

the Jockey Club, the British and American clubs, and two or three others, not many are of a high social order. The three specified clubs are located within a stone's throw of each other, and have full membership, and are conducted along regular American club lines. All set out excellent lunches and dinners, and much genteel congeniality and conviviality prevails. The Jockey Club building is one of the finest in America, and is immensely attractive inside and out. In all these clubs the rosy guest must see to it that he is not too hospitably entertained—for there sometimes lurk unconscionable dangers at a shrine where the agreeable host sets up four or five aromatic Martinis before the tocsin of a wine repast. There are as yet no women's clubs along the lines of those in the United States; but there are many homes for unfortunates, for aged and decrepit, and other charitable institutions that take up a good deal of the time of many of the most lovely, wealthy and beautiful ladies of the city—nearly all of whom are Catholics, but non-sectarian in their acts of Samaritanism.

* * *

Regarding marriage and love making, so far as I could learn from others, I am reminded of what is or used to be the methods in Havana, and which have always prevailed in Andalusia and probably in other sections of Spain. There is not much "courting," unless it be among the lower classes; and a majority of the marriages among the higher and middle people are either marriages of convenience, or nuptials that have been mutually arranged by the parents of both parties without at all consulting the latter. There is some "high" old loving, though, after the parental compact, especially on the part of the young lady, who generally gesticulates from an upstairs balcony window and is (distantly) caressed by her lover at the patio gate, or from across the street. There is no "snuggling up to each other," nor no "two souls with but a single thought" in a single rocking chair; no setting back the clock, nor turning off the lights—nor any of the yum-yum caprices of American courting. But so far as I am aware, the right up and down loving sets in immediately after the wedding, and marriages are a success and divorces are rare.

* * *

Among the sights to be seen nowhere else in the world—unless it be in other Mexican cities—are the turkey drivers, and their

flocks. These flocks of turkeys are driven through the residential and often other thoroughfares by "natives, and to the manor born," in flaming red serapes and monstrous straw sombreros, and armed with long lance-like wands, just as our own farmers or other herdsman sometimes drive their sheep or hogs or cattle through the streets of our cities and towns. These turkey drivers display remarkable tact and skill in keeping their birds from being run over by carriage or cart, automobile or car, or from being stolen by thieves who sometimes follow a flock for a whole day, hoping to get away with a turkey without paying the price therefor. Sometimes two flocks of from thirty to forty encounter each other, and to the unsophisticated beholder become an inextricable mass; there is a great gobbling and flying and running wildly here and there by the birds; vehicles of all descriptions dash furiously through the inharmonious flocks; and great crowds of men and boys often gather and join in the excitement. But the turkey drivers, with their wands at rest, dash skillfully and picturesquely through the bewildered strugglers, and in the end each has secured his own stragglers, brought tranquility out of confusion, and finally conducts his own flock in the proper direction without the loss of a single member. These drivers are called paveros, and they keep their eyes partly on their fowls and partly on the windows and doors for signals to halt their flocks. The turkeys that I saw were almost always hens, and weighed, I should have guessed, from ten to twelve pounds. The morning purchaser secures the best-looking and finest birds, and pays about \$1.50 each therefor; as the evening approaches and the tired and more cadaverous birds only are left, the prices go down first to about \$1.25, and then to \$1 by nightfall.

* * *

Next to the turkey drivers the candy vendors arrested my attention. They all look alike, and perceptibly unlike the other residents. There are twelve hundred of them in all, and they may be seen on certain corners of streets here and there throughout the city. These candy vendors seem like a multitude of brothers, as they are of the same stature, nearly, and dress and act so similarly as to compel interest in them by wayfarers. As there is no severely inclement weather in the City of Mexico, they caparison themselves in the same habiliments from Jan-

uary to December, and they may be found at their respective corners from fifteen to sixteen hours a day, three hundred and sixty-five days in the year—as they know no Sundays nor holidays, no half Saturdays, nor eight-hour limits. A majority of these candy venders have little folding tables for their sweets, while a hundred or more peddle from a basket, and a hundred or less own small carts and do a nomadic business; these latter are also manufacturers of and dealers in various candies, while those with baskets sell only one kind. And I may add these candies are sweet, clean, pure and cheap.

I hardly need say to a Southern Califor-

nian that the hat is beyond comparison the top-notched triumph of a Mexican man's dress, and that even the dents in the crown convey a meaning, the significance of some arrangements being rigidly political or religious—hats with four dents meaning to give the crown a rude form of the cross. To be sure there has been no burning question dividing the nation recently, but in the straw and many of the wool hats the four dents remain. The sombrero is exactly analogous to a woman's bonnet, the only way in which the individual taste is hampered is in regard to the general shape; the amount, style and cost of trimming is wholly according to the owner's will and condition

of his purse; and I must graciously confess that some wearers have evolved head coverings whose variations in trimming are positively spectacular and bewildering, for there are single and double braids, and cords of gold and silver, woven into various intricate and fanciful designs, and there is the utmost diversity of color among the pretentiously-decorated sombreros, varying from pure white to simple black, although drab is the most used, probably because it is more dust defying than either white or black. The serapa is also a not inconspicuous habili-

ment.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequaled in tone.

By the Way

Delegates to Chicago.

There is a very lively competition in the front ranks of the Republican party for the four coveted positions of honor as delegates at large to the National Convention in Chicago next June. At the present writing the most prominent names mentioned are Governor Gillett, George A. Knight, General H. G. Otis, M. H. DeYoung, General George Stone, Judge H. A. Melvin, Dr. George C. Pardee, Frank Short, U. S. Grant, Jr., and Samuel M. Shortridge. The delegates from this district will probably be Judge J. W. McKinley and Robert N. Bulla. One of the delegates from the Eighth District is almost certain to be Frank A. Miller, of Riverside.

Democrats for Denver.

Theodore A. Bell, of Napa Mayor Harper and Nathan Cole, Jr., of Los Angeles, and R. M. Fitzgerald, of Alameda, will probably be named as the delegates at large to witness Bryan's nomination at Denver. Isidore Dockweiler and Frank Finlayson are the two most likely selections for delegates from the Seventh District.

Same Old Game.

Every two years, about this spring-time, there arises a crop of "tentative candidates to succeed James McLachlan as congressman from the Seventh District." It is as well that they are modest or discreet enough to be "tentative" only, for that is about as far as they are likely to get. It has been whispered around that General Otis is to be allowed the supreme and long deferred satisfaction of ousting McLachlan in return for the "Times's" recent services to The Organization, but I do not believe there is a word of truth in such rumors. Mr. McLachlan has once more proved himself a thoroughly efficient representative of the interests of this district, and his long experience in Congress is invaluable. District Attorney Fredericks is the latest lamb to be offered for this biennial vicarious sacrifice. Captain Fredericks and his friends may well profit by refreshing their memories concerning the events of two years ago. The strongest candidate possible was selected to oppose McLachlan in the person of William B. Mathews, who had distinguished himself by rendering this community signal service in the city attorney's office. A very zealous if misdirected campaign was waged on Mathews's behalf, and considerable money was spent by his friends and McLachlan's enemies. Mr. Mathews was wise

enough to withdraw in time. There is, and always has been, only one "reason" for deposing McLachlan—General Otis's personal hatred for him. McLachlan's constituents, however, have persistently failed to consider this any excuse for dispensing with the services of a representative who is thoroughly familiar with his duties and consistently and efficiently performs them.

"A. Mutt."

The most famous personality in San Francisco today is neither Francis J. Heney nor Abraham Ruef, neither Rabbi Nieto nor William J. Burns. It is none other than "A. Mutt." The popularity of Mr. "Mutt" is universal. He is quoted on all sides, and, despite his extraordinarily foolish physiognomy, he is admitted to be "the wisest guy" in the city. His fame as yet is local, but from the gravity with which the leaders of the graft prosecution are regarding him, Mr. "Mutt" may yet become a figure of national notoriety. "A. Mutt" is the creation of a young newspaper artist named Fisher. He was originally designed to illumine the sporting pages of the "Chronicle." "Mutt" was a "piker" at the Emeryville race track, and his daily exploits were illustrated, more or less, as a dreadful warning. Fisher's "Mutt" caught the fancy of the town, and the young artist was speedily pressed into the service of the "Examiner." The "Chronicle" refused to surrender its "Mutt" and the series has been continued by another artist. For some weeks, however, the "Examiner's" "A. Mutt" has made life miserable for the members of the graft prosecution. Heney is lampooned as Prosecutor "Beany"; Sleuth Burns is dubbed "Tobasco"; Spreckels is "Pickles," and Judge Dunne is known as Judge "Finished." District Attorney Langdon alone is protected by his former services to Hearst and the Independence League, and escapes daily barbs of satire and ridicule. Such grievous inroads into the dignity, peace of mind and self-respect of the members of the Spreckels prosecution have been made by Mr. "Mutt" that Heney chose "Mutt" and the "Examiner" as the subjects of a bitterly angry attack in a public speech at Berkeley last week.

The Hotel Majestic, corner of Sutter and Gough streets, is the best place to stay in San Francisco. First class service for first class people. Gustav Mann, formerly of Los Angeles, Manager.

Long Beach Wrathful.

According to my information a storm directed at the Pacific Electric, the Southern Pacific and the Salt Lake is about to burst at Long Beach; maybe the explosion will have "arrived" by the time this paragraph sees the light. At all events, a committee from the Long Beach Chamber of Commerce has been in Los Angeles wrestling with the railroad powers that be, to place the temperance burg on the same footing as Redondo, Santa Monica, San Pedro and Venice when the fleet arrives from Magdalena bay. The railroads have all agreed upon a special return trip rate—and Long Beach is not included in the list; whereat there abideth in the Long Beach bosom an abiding soreness. Long Beachites think that the two steam roads and the Pacific Electric have united to punish them for their hostility to the roads. Of this I know nothing. I do know that the Long Beach committee trod the streets of Los Angeles and kept weary vigil outside of the railroad offices, all in vain.

Rand-Hamilton.

My sprightly contemporary "Town Talk" of San Francisco insists that Dame Rumor betroths Mrs. Charles Wellington Rand and Colonel A. W. Hamilton of Kentucky, Judge at the Santa Anita track. That story has been going the rounds for some little time, but no one has taken much stock

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in it. Local opinion inclines to the belief that should the lady decide to trot double it will not be with the urbane Kentuckian, but with "A Warrior Bold" whose triumphs on the fields of glory were limited, mainly, to achievements in the printing line.

Muzzling.

There is pending in Congress a bill which gives autocratic power to the Postmaster-General. Introduced by Senator Boies Penrose of Pennsylvania, and now with the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, this bill, which provides for an amendment to Section 3893 of the Revised Statutes, gives power to the Postmaster General practically to suppress any publication. So serious is this innovation that Dr. John R. Haynes has written to every Senator and Representative in Congress, declaring that "this amendment gives power to the Postmaster General to practically suppress any journal by first declaring an issue thereof unavailable and then excluding the journal from second-class postage. This is even more autocratic than the press censorship as it exists in Russia today, and it seems to me to be subversive of the constitutional rights of the press."

Wording of the Law.

The wording of the Penrose bill is sharp and to the point. It reads: "Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress Assembled. That Section 3893 of the Revised Statutes be, and the same is hereby, amended by adding, 'And when any issue of any periodical has been declared non-available by the Post Office Department, the periodical may be excluded from second-class mail privileges at the discretion of the Postmaster General.'"

The Object.

The object of this amendment is plain to everyone. Obviously intended to prevent the publication of the "Appeal to Reason" and various Socialistic papers, it can be forged into a fearful club. A Postmaster General could autocratically suppress the great weeklies or monthlies by a mere turn of the hand. No mail privileges, no publication.

Too Much Power.

This is too much power to invest with any man or any set of men. This is neither an autocracy like Russia nor a limited monarchy. Measures as sweeping as that proposed by Senator Penrose have been proposed but once in the United States. Congress over one hundred years ago enacted the infamous "Alien and Sedition Laws" and thereby swept from power and to ultimate oblivion the Federalist party. Men of the Penrose stamp, senators like Hopkins, citizens like John D. Rockefeller and Pierrepont Morgan, the whole breed of frenzied financiers may fear the utterances of the "Appeal to Reason." The proper method to combat the doctrines preached by the "Appeal to Reason" is to endeavor to winnow the wheat from the chaff; to take that which is good and the rest will fall of its own weight. But nothing will be gained by attempted suppression. The good that there is in socialistic teaching will survive, just as the good in religion has lived through the ages. One socialistic scheme is the post-

office department—the institution that the money power seeks to use for the suppression of "socialism." Another socialistic institution is the public school; another, if you please, is the water system of the City of Los Angeles; another is the railway mail service. A vast majority of American citizens undoubtedly favor in theory, at least, the public ownership of public utilities—that's more socialism.

Misconception.

There is, I think, a widespread misconception as to what socialism really is and what the term means. It does not spell anarchy—quite the reverse. The good of it will be impressed on the life of the nation in spite of repression, suppression and false witness. It is a force that has come to stay, even as abolitionism was a growing force in the early half and the middle of the Nineteenth Century.

Most appropriate is the action of the Gamut Club in holding services in memory of the late Edward S. Fuller. The services will be held at the Church of the Unity next Sunday afternoon, at three o'clock.

Albertson.

Last week I reproduced an article from the New York "Dramatic Mirror" on Miss Lillian Albertson's success in "Paid in Full" at the Astor Theater, New York. This week I publish the opinion of the dramatic reviewer of "Harper's Weekly." He says: "Of the players in the company only praise can be given. Miss Lillian Albertson as Mrs. Brooks was splendid in her scene with Captain Williams, and throughout the play gave much naturalness to her role. Mr. Talley Marshall as Brooks was so good that



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he was absolutely detestable. His temper and caddishness were simulated to a most convincing degree."

The Californians.

I have heard the musical comedy company that grew out of "The Californians," organized last season by Tom Karl and Dillon Dewey, and it must be said that most of the changes made by George Lask have not been for the better. Of the original company, only Zoe Barnett and Leroy Jepson remain. Miss Barnett is singing much more effectively than in Los Angeles; her voice is bigger, fuller and better. As much cannot be said of Jepson, much as I would like to be able to say it. His voice, never strong at best, has harshened under the demands of theatrical work. The leading soprano, Cecilia Rhoda, has no voice at all. She is a "patter song" singer. There is no basso in the company at all comparable to Elliott Beamer, and no contralto like Lucille Saunders.

Saunders.

Writing of Saunders reminds me that she, Mr. Karl and Mr. McGucken have a contract with D. M. Linnard of the Casa Loma, Maryland, Virginia, Leighton and other Southern California hotels, to give recitals at various hostelries for the coming year.

Tom Karl is to be found once more at his studio above Birkel's. I am told that it is wholly within the bounds of possibility that a new opera company will be launched.

Conwell.

The Auto Vehicle Company has a new general manager in the person of J. S. Conwell, who for a year or more has been managing the San Francisco agency of the company. Mr. Conwell's field extended from Bakersfield to the British Columbia line, and his success has been most phenomenal.

Southern Californians visiting San Francisco cannot do better than stay at the Hotel Majestic, corner of Sutter and Gough. First-class accommodations and service for first-class people. Gustav Mann, manager, formerly of Los Angeles.

Engineers' Fees.

I am hearing much criticism of the fees charged by the city authorities for engineering services. I am told on good authority that at various places in California, around San Francisco, for instance, the engineers' fees do not run over \$18 per block. A comparison with some local charges is rather surprising. For instance, I am told that on California street, from Broadway to Bunker Hill—about three blocks—the fees were about \$600. In many instances unnecessary culverts were put in; as a sample of this, at First and Figueroa the crossing has about five feet of fall from east to west, the culvert, costing approximately \$1,100, was unnecessary. A depression of two inches would have carried all the water that could possibly have come from that direction. Another culvert, costing between \$1,100 and \$1,200, at Broadway and California was wholly unnecessary. I am told that the hill north of First street is famous for its engineering miscarriages.

The Supreme Court's Decision.

For two months there has been such vile and shameful misrepresentation of the decision of the District Court of Appeals in the Schmitz case that it is important to understand exactly what the Supreme Court decided in this matter, last week, and what it did not decide.

The Supreme Court does **not** decide that there is no such thing as extortion, and does **not** decide that levying blackmail by threats to do an unlawful injury is not a crime.

The Supreme Court **does** decide that money obtained by a threat to do an unlawful injury is extortion.

But it decides that the indictment against Schmitz did not show that the threat was to do an unlawful injury.

The fault with the Schmitz indictment was entirely the fault of the Spreckels Prosecution—the fault of an invalid indictment drawn by a professional prosecutor and noisy demagogue, who has proved himself to be a bungling and incompetent lawyer.

The Supreme Court's opinion also points out that the indictment did not allege that Schmitz was mayor or that Ruef was a political boss; that the indictment did not show that Schmitz or Ruef had any influence with, or control over, the police commissioners; that it did not show that Schmitz and Ruef conspired to use the police commissioners to hold up the license.

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In fact, the indictment alleged no circumstance from which it could even be implied that there had been a "hold up" through the police commissioners.

The Supreme Court's decision implies that, if it had appeared from the indictment that Schmitz and Ruef threatened the restaurant keepers either in words, or by suggestion, or by indirection, that they would corruptly control the police commissioners and withdraw the license unless paid the money demanded; the indictment would have been good.

The miserable failure of the Prosecution and the miscarriage of justice is due plainly and solely to the bungling and ignorance of Heney and his colleagues.

To cover up that incompetency and to guard remnants of their prestige, the members of the Prosecution and their press-agents launched the most outrageous assaults upon the Appellate Judges. By their wilful misrepresentations they have made justice in California a byword throughout the world, and have basely maligned the judiciary.

Stevenson, President.

The newly elected president of the University Club is Mr. Frederick Stevenson. To be chosen as the presiding officer of this organization is an honor that any man might covet. It came to Mr. Stevenson as do all things, unsought, and is the more highly appreciated by reason of this fact. When the club voted for the board of directors there were sixteen candidates, and out of the sixteen seven were chosen, the votes running from 134 down to 19 out of a total of 140 votes cast. Mr. Stevenson received the highest number—134. The directors chosen at this election were Mr. Stevenson, Mr. W. H. Anderson, Mr. Russ Avery, Judge N. P. Conrey, Rev. Burt Estes Howard, Mr. Lee C. Gates and Mr. Thomas Lee Woolwine. On organization of the directors Mr. Stevenson was unanimously elected president. Mr. Anderson became vice-president, and Mr. Woolwine secretary.



L. E. Behymer

If you have noticed a sort of sleeplessness and a little feverish excitement in "Len" Behymer during the last month, you may charge it up to the fact that Paderewski has been under the management of himself and associates since February 1, in the territory west of Denver, and when the eleven o'clock hour was struck in Albuquerque, N. M., last Monday evening, a sigh of relief indicated that the work was finished. Since the first of February twenty-one recitals, under the local management have been given in various cities west of the Rocky Mountains, and although all the eastern managers made statements that the Paderewski

concerts would never be completed in this territory without either a financial breakdown or the health of the great virtuoso would fail, the schedule was carried out in a business like way without a delay and only two changes were made in the route, that of Butte and Helena, where the local managers failed to make good, but where the western managers took up these two dates and substituted the cities of Victoria, B. C., and Palo Alto, California, and in every instance played to larger business than in eastern cities of the same size. Every guarantee was made good; every percentage contract was beyond limit; the curtain rose at the appointed time in each instance, and Los Angeles turned out the greatest audience in size and price yet known in the musical history of the west; in fact, it was the best attended Paderewski recital in the United States. Such attention to detail has brought these results to the local manager from C. A. Ellis, United States representative for Paderewski, and from the great virtuoso himself:

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Before leaving your territory I wish to thank you most cordially for your splendid arrangement for the most successful and, indeed, the most pleasant of my western trips. Madame Paderewski and all my party join me in sending you and your family our kindest greetings and thanks for all you have done for our comfort and pleasure.

PADEREWSKI.

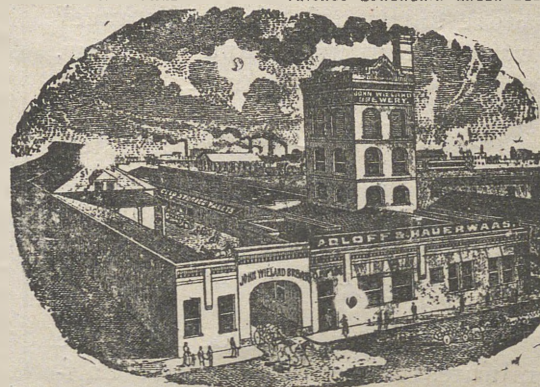
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Sociology.

The Bethlehem Institute of Sociology, which opened at the Bethlehem institution of Friday of this week, will continue morning, afternoon and evening until next Thursday. Among the speakers are Rev. Dana W. Bartlett, Mr. William R. George, Dr. T. Coffey, Dr. L. M. Powers, Stanley B. Wilson, Prof. Leslie, Prof. Leckley and Mr. Charles Raitt.

Car Regulations.

It is none of my business, except as a constant user of the electric cars, but I make a suggestion to the Pacific Electric, Los Angeles Railway, Interurban and Los Angeles-Pacific roads, that they adopt simultaneously new rules regulating passengers as to boarding and leaving cars. I suggest that passengers be required to board cars by the rear platform and leave them by the front platform. There is a fearful jam at both platforms occasionally, and the Los Angeles-Pacific cars in particular at Fourth street depot present all of the aspects of an old-time football scrimmage. The rule I propose can be enforced by the motorman and the conductor, and only one day's training of the passengers will be required.

Brown.

W. E. Brown, the head of the publication committee of the Christian Scientists, has, as I expected taken vigorous exception to the lecture of A. G. Frisbie, delivered at San Diego. Mr. Brown is a most ardent champion of the faith that is in him, and the San Diego papers that published excerpts of the Frisbie lecture have heard from Mr. Brown in no uncertain way. In concluding one of his articles to the San

Diego "Tribune," Mr. Brown said: "After all, by their fruits ye shall know them, and the fruits of Christian Science prove irrefutably that Mrs. Eddy has given to the world the correct interpretation that enables those who understand to follow the commands of Jesus to preach the gospel and heal the sick. Mrs. Eddy needs no other testimony as to the purity, spirituality and unselfishness of her life than the fact that she is qualified to give suffering humanity an understanding of the Bible which redeems from sin and disease."

Pollard-Gregory.

Miles S. Gregory, the able secretary of the Union League Club, is still receiving congratulations on his recent marriage to Miss Pollard, sister of Miss Daphne Pollard, of the San Francisco Opera Company. Mr. Gregory's leap into matrimony was not expected, but inasmuch as both he and his bride have drawn prizes in the matrimonial lottery, there remains for the many who know them, nothing to do except to extend heartfelt wishes of a happy and prosperous voyage through life. I gladly add my congratulations to the thousands that Mr. and Mrs. Gregory have already received.

Dolton.

What a mess Schuyler A. Dolton made of his life, when the subject is philosophically considered? At thirty he lost his position and was told by his fiancée that he marry her soon or not at all. Having no immediate hope of employment, he sent a bullet into his head. I wonder why Schuyler Dolton thought any woman's edict of that sort was worth anything? If she really cared for him she would have waited. If she would not have waited he was better off in life without her. I never met Schuyler Dolton, and never heard of him before; but if about ten thousand young men in this city would heed the lesson he unwittingly teaches, there will be less trouble in this world.

Hewitt.

Leslie R. Hewitt, as city attorney, again has control of the prosecuting attorneys of the police court. This is as it should be. There never was any reason or sense in placing these city officials under the district attorney of the county.

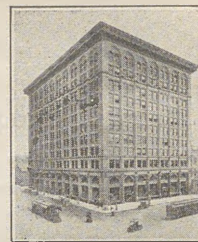
Sour Grapes.

"After closely examining all the beautiful photographs of the Pacific Ocean printed by our esteemed contemporaries to attest their joy over the coming of the fleet, we conclude that photographs of the Pacific ocean do not materially differ from photographs of the Atlantic ocean."

So says the "Express" of March 17. This refers to the pictures of the fleet in Magdalena Bay, published by the "Times" and the "Examiner." The paragraph is the finest specimen of "sour grapes" yet grown in the newspaper vineyard of Los Angeles. The "Express" would have been glad to have published those halftones of the "Times" and "Examiner" had it received the photographs first.

Riot.

The "Examiner" narrowly missed a scooping by the "Times" as to these photographs. Rafert of the "Times" came up



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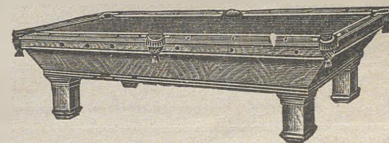
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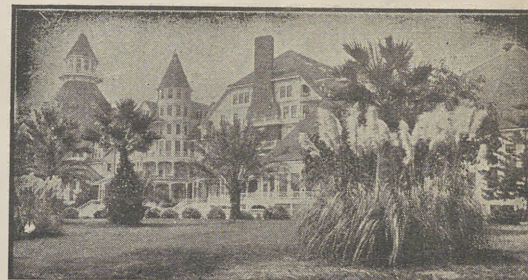
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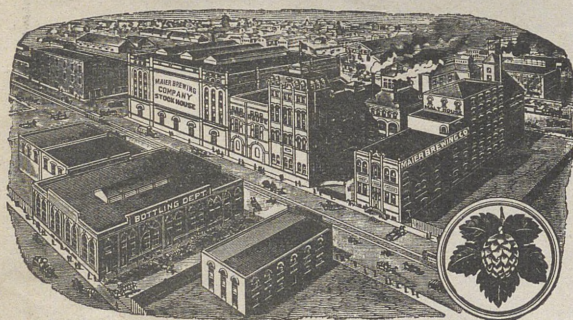
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on the regular train with his material. The "Examiner" men heard what he had, and ascertained that material was to be had in a gallery in San Diego. Failing to get it by purchase, they got it by entering the place forcibly. A special train brought it to Los Angeles. Out of this exploit has grown charges of burglary against two of the "Examiner's" staff. Of course, these men will never be tried, cannot be convicted if they are tried. Their exploit sounds like a Hearstian outbreak in New York, Chicago or San Francisco. Mr. Hearst will eventually reward the "burglars" with higher salaries and promotion. Enterprise of this variety is an unfailing key to the Hearst affections.

San Francisco's Grand Cañon.

J. Bond Francisco's masterpiece of The Grand Cañon of the Colorado which was on exhibition for some time in the local offices of the Santa Fe and attracted great attention is now being exhibited by the same company in San Francisco. Mr. Francisco went North last week to see that his painting was installed to the best advantage and came home with his usually beaming countenance brighter than ever in that he had watched great crowds attracted to the Santa Fe window on Market Street. I understand that the Santa Fe is contemplating the purchase of this magnificent picture with the idea of exhibiting it in the East. I can imagine no more splendid advertisement of the most superb attraction on the Santa Fe road than a widespread display of this great painting. Dozens of artists have aspired to paint the Grand Cañon; many of them in despair concluded it was beyond the power of human art to depict any adequate idea of its glories; many others tried and failed. All those who know and love the cañon, and have seen Mr. Francisco's painting declare that it is the one successful effort yet. But Mr. Francisco himself is not yet satisfied. This picture took him a year to paint. He wants to try again and if he does he declares that he will devote three years to the work.

To Abolish Quack Doctors.

A half-crazed waiter set out the other day in San Francisco to kill two of those human vampires who, masquerading as physicians, prey upon the credulity of the ignorant, extort their last pennies and leave them physical and mental wrecks. The waiter

did not succeed in his mission: he only shot the man who compounded the vile and vain "medicines" of the quack doctors. If he had succeeded, there would have been small sympathy over the corpses of the medical blacklegs, and there would have been some excuse for a verdict of "justifiable homicide." One of the vilest blots upon our civilization is the fact that the law remains impotent to abolish this infamous traffic. The State Medical Society makes spasmodic efforts to rid society of these dangerous pests, but without any appreciable success. These conscienceless and merciless quacks depend almost entirely on newspaper advertisements by which to lure their victims to their hell holes. If it were made a misdemeanor for a newspaper to publish such advertisements, which usually are in themselves the gravest offenses to decency and are designed to poison the minds of the young, the weak and the ignorant, a long step would be taken to put an end to this nefarious business, and the train of misery that follows in its wake.

Fire Proof.

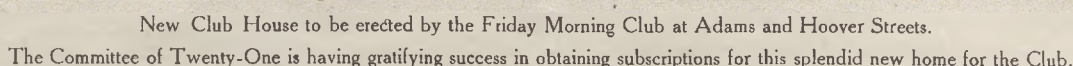
The determination of the Orpheum to have a strictly fireproof building is wise. It will not be long before all theater buildings must conform to this requirement. And I am not so sure that public sentiment will insist on all school houses being made as nearly fireproof as they can be. Los Angeles has too many big wooden school houses. "Fire drills" are all very well in their way; perhaps in case of actual necessity these drills would amount to something. But children are as bad—no worse—than their elders when actual or imaginary danger impends. The writer once saw nearly a roomful of children engage in a wild stampede because the teacher fainted. A few children saw the teacher drop and started to run. Five children out of fifty did not join in the scramble, although not more than five out of the fifty knew why they were rushing from the room. Is it reasonable to suppose that child nature has changed materially in thirty years? Would not the sight of a streak of flame or the presence of smoke start a headlong flight, fire drill or no fire drill? These things are worth thinking about. It is entirely within the bounds of possibility that there should be a fire in any one of the wooden school houses during school hours. What would happen then? Must we have loss of life before we move? Is the lesson of Selwyn Graves' death to be learned only in connection with the Main street crossing? Doesn't it apply to any possible danger

No orator in the land surpasses Dr. Green in richness of voice, in the power and sweep of majestic thought, and in the grandeur of his eloquence. On American politics, civic reform and government, he is considered an authority. He comes to Los Angeles to deliver his lecture on "The Key to the Twentieth Century" as one of the events of the New University Course. No one who has heard an address delivered by Dr. Green will soon forget it. His talk is a study of American dynamics, and, if printed in full, would not be adequately reported. As a leader in the Episcopal Church in the West, Dr. Green is one of the best known clergymen of this country. But one lecture will be given at Simpson's Auditorium on Tuesday, March 24.



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title of "Lieutenant-General in the Chinese Army of Reform" they are apt to smile. Homer Lea's local career has been more or less bombastical, and the "Lieutenant-General in the Chinese Army of Reform" has never hesitated to spring into the limelight. His latest move for notoriety was some two or three months ago, when he advised all dwellers of the Pacific Coast that their portion in the future was to be over-run by the Japanese. But it is not about Homer Lea's career in Los Angeles that I care to write, but rather of his book, "The Vermilion Pencil," which has just been published by the McClure Company, New York. Whatever may be Homer Lea's failings, a lack of ability to write is not one of them. I must confess that I approached the task of reading "The Vermilion Pencil" in a sarcastic mood. Instead of finding trash, as I expected, I found a compact, well-knitted, well written, thoroughly interesting romance—a romance involving the Chinese wife of a viceroy and a Breton priest, who, it was hoped by his superior, would bring about her conversion to Christianity. Homer Lea's descriptions of scenery, of emotions, of sentiments, are in the same vein as Lafcadio Hearn's. After reading this tale, it is easy to understand why and how the Chinese have steadily resisted missionary efforts. His picture of a Protestant missionary is not at all alluring. The recital of the loot of land and treasures by missionaries, backed by the material forces of the western powers, is harrowing. McClure's should have a good sale for "The Vermilion Pencil." It is a story that will bear re-reading more than twice. Its publication leads me to suggest that Homer Lea

cease his public appearances as "Lieutenant-General in the Chinese Army of Reform," and seriously adopt writing as a profession.

Where is the Copper Kettle?

Mrs. John Singleton has joined her husband, Col. Singleton, after an absence of many months in New York. She brings with her her sister, Miss Lillian Graham, who has been attending the Charles Frohman School of Acting in New York. Tuesday night Mrs. Singleton entertained with a box party at the Mason Opera House.

Copper Kettle, 223 Mercantile Place.

The smart set are opening their beach houses early in the season this year, and there are many little affairs that quietly take place, in spite of the fact that Lent is upon us. When the fleet comes in on April 18, the beach towns will be fairly alive with natty uniforms, and every fashionable house will be thrown open for the benefit of the jolly sailor boys.

Afternoon tea at the Copper Kettle.

A persistent rumor is going the rounds to the effect that another of the charming and talented Foy girls is to be married, and even although the lady denies it, the rumor refuses to flit away. Alma Foy, the only one of the "Foy girls," as they are known, to have yet joined the ranks of matrons, is the wife of young Thomas Lee Woolwine.

Tastiest things to eat at the Copper Kettle.

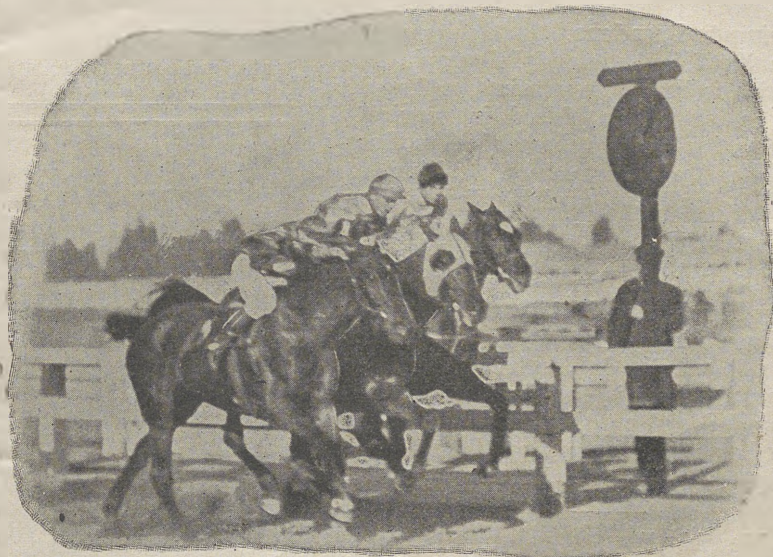
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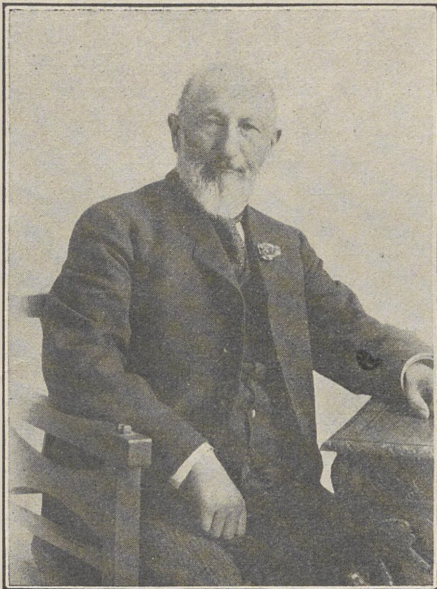
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The Newmark Golden Wedding



Mr. Harris Newmark



Mrs. Harris Newmark

On March 24, 1858, when Los Angeles was a little pueblo with narrow, winding streets and low-roofed adobes; when there was no church in town but the Catholic mission opposite the Plaza, Joseph Newmark performed the marriage ceremony between his daughter and her cousin, Harris Newmark, in the family home which stood where 505 North Main street is now. On Tuesday, March 24, 1908, Mr. and Mrs. Harris Newmark will celebrate their golden wedding at their home, 837 Westlake avenue, marking a half century of married life in Los Angeles. During their fifty years' residence here they have seen the town grow from the little Spanish pueblo to a large city. Mr. Newmark has helped to mold its destiny, and feels a proprietary interest in its growth. He tells quaint stories of the olden days that would be invaluable to historians; tales of the real Western days when every

man carried a pistol at his hip and was quick to shoot; when water was carted to the pueblo from the zanja; when plots of land 120 feet wide and extending from Broadway to Hill and from Spring to Broadway were expensive at fifty dollars. He and his wife laugh together over the appearance of their home on their wedding day, when every bed in the house became a motley collection of pistols, hats and babies, piled in one promiscuous heap.

In the evening of their lives, Mr. and Mrs. Newmark are surrounded by three generations, five children, ten grandchildren and three great-grandchildren, all of whom will be present Tuesday afternoon. No cards have been issued for the affair, but friends will be made welcome from two to five and from eight to ten. Many are the congratulations extended to them, and many the wishes that the City of Angels may keep them for long years to come.

From Coronado.

Society came down to Coronado in its best bib-and-tucker to attend the Third Annual Polo Tourney of the Southern California Polo and Pony Racing Association. As usual, Los Angeles sent down a blue book delegation to see that the Los Angeles teams has the proper following of partisans. Apparently all the prominent polo enthusiasts of the state, including those who spend the winter in California, were on hand when Los Angeles Team A and Riverside Team A opened the tournament. The grounds of the Coronado Country Club scintillated with the brilliant gathering of front family personages. The matches were most stirring. Paris pools on the days of the racing afforded plenty of sport outside of the close finishes of the races. Los Angeles brought down a formidable array of poloists, including B. N. Smith, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Weiss, Thomas Weiss, Jr., Harry

Weiss and Reginald Weiss. Ernest Wickenden, of Santa Barbara, was on hand during the entire tournament, though the other members of the Santa Barbara team were present only on the days they played. Riverside was on hand with an enthusiastic delegation, including some very famous poloists. Those of the Riverside coterie were Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Mackey, the well-known eastern poloist; Major and Mrs. Colin G. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. S. Fritz Nave and T. B. Jenkinson. Among San Francisco people present were Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Garritt, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Irwin, Miss Helen Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Pierce and Mr. and Mrs. William Pierce. Mrs. Henry T. Scott, accompanied by Mrs. Crockett, both of San Francisco, came down and joined her son, Harry, who has been at the hotel for more than a month. Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Miss Helen de Young, Miss Constance de Young and Miss Kathleen de Young formed probably the largest party in the San Francisco coterie. A Los Angeles party, composed of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Earl, Miss Annis Van Nuys and Miss Virginia Johnson, came down by motor car to attend the polo tournament.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequaled in tone.

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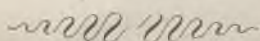


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OUR POTTERY ROOMS

Give ample opportunity for gratifying your most artistic inclinations. The soft, cool green of the Teco, and the subdued luster of the Rookwood, are qualities which commend themselves in full measure to aesthetic minds.

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APPROVAL
SOLICITED

Exclusive Women's Hatter

346 South Broadway

Lucille's Letter

My Dear Harriet:—

To properly describe the wonders in the millinery world this season one requires a new dictionary, with an appendix, and then some. If you don't believe me, be present at the opening day of Swobdi's palatial white parlors, 749 South Broadway, which interesting event takes place on Monday and Tuesday, March 23rd and 24th. I had a private view of these wonderful creations which Miss Swobdi has imported and I give you my word I haven't seen anything on the coast that can touch them for style, novelty or beauty. The leading model this season in the big dress and picture hats comes in a most picturesque shape, rolled up on one side in the fashion of old-time Gainsborough ladies. Some of these plumed hats, with soft ospreys and bird of paradise feathers, are more than delicious this spring. I had an impression, dear girl, that feathers and ostrich willow plumes were to give away almost entirely to the flower garden effect, but if you visit this arbiter of fashion, "Swobdi," you will find it is not so. Of course, the big flowered sailors and rose garden hats all a-bobbing and talking at once, are very much the craze this summer time, but when the beauty hats for swell functions go away up into the three figures, I notice it's the ostrich farm that works overtime. Swobdi has imported some novelties in flower and picture hats we have not had a chance to see elsewhere. One pansy bed, with orchids swaying gracefully over it, sat most alluringly on the top of a well groomed head. This brilliant new shade of cerise is displayed in some wonderful plumed hats at Swobdi's also, but, my child, you must see the lovely glass cases full of Paris hats yourself to appreciate the glad fact that at last the spring has come.

At Blackstones' this week I spent a most interesting and instructive quarter of an hour at the neckwear department. Of course, the good and patient "Merry Widow" is once more on deck here, and her peculiar fashion of wearing her collar still leads. To be very, very merry you must wear one of those large fluffy bows attached to the high standing collar; again, to be severe and tailor made, you must wear a Gibson collar. This latter is a high sided and boned affair, cunningly designed to cover up the bone that gives the lie to our statement of our age. Beautiful ruffs and ostrich feather boas are to be found at Blackstones', in all the novel colors and styles imaginable. Veils in abundance, "in bulk or ready to serve," I saw at Blackstones, among them the complexion veils—those wondrous beautifiers—in all the novel meshes and styles, and, "feeling the need," fell a victim to the wiles of the double mesh. Blackstones' novelty neckwear is something worth seeing, Harriet. One wonders how many styles of tying or wearing a bow can be devised by the female mind. My fair instructress says this plethora of adornment round the throat is the immediate result of the wearing of these monster hats this season. Women have to fill out the shoulders and throat to give proper support to a hat as big as a mainsail, and Blackstones' people show you just where to "fill in."

In Myer Siegel's, 251 to 255 South Broadway, I was drawn irresistibly to the lingerie counter. I watched and rubbered with keen interest one of our leading club women select a most touching and elaborate set of hand-embroidered underwear, all inserted with real lace and ribboned with the daintiest pink bow-knots. She wasn't a bride, either, and when I asked her what on earth she was going to do with such a dream of a "nightie" she simply smiled and said: "Wear it at night." Don't tell me that times are hard when a married woman pays eighty-five dollars for a set of three pieces, and then goes out to lecture at the club on how to economize in the home. But Siegel's hand maiden didn't turn a hair. "That's nothing," she said to me. "I'll show you some sets that are worth while," and she showed me some trousseau sets that would make any father cry for help. From eleven dollars up to five hundred—a three piece set—Myer Siegel's have all the latest styles and models in lace and embroidered underwear you can buy anywhere out of Paris.

In the good Boston Store you will find, at the wash goods and muslin counter, some of the most exquisite pieces of delicate finery in uncut goods you can picture in your inmost heart. A silk grenadine in all the delicate evening shades took my volatile fancy; so thin and shimmery and softly clinging. My dear, the day of the organdie with a stiff finish is relegated to the past. There is, at the Boston Store this year, a lovely flowered material with silken weave that glistens in changeable tints that takes the place of the dear departed organdie, and is most attractive. Silk voiles in embroidered and figured patterns are very chic and good this season; also the Boston Store has a large and varied assortment of all the latest novelties in the so-called wash goods

department.

The Ville de Paris, clad in holiday attire for opening day, of course, claimed my attention this week. People were crowding through the attractive store, but the most novel and charming of all departments to my mind this week was the trimming counter. Do you know, they have brought this Oriental and filet work down to such a point that some of the embroiderings in the Ville de Paris amount to positive works of art. There is no place in town today where you can get such a variety of all the novelties in trimmings as you can in the big Ville de Paris. Bronze and gold metal filet is still in vogue, but the very latest fad is the Shantung shade of the Raj-Filet-lace; a beautiful thing in embroidered silver and silken sheen. Again, a novelty for the bands, which are going to be absolutely essential on every gown of the season, is the "Craquelet Lace" in white, black and ecru; a lovely trimming, boldly effective and smart. Filet lace in all colors and combinations of Persian gilt and metal are to be extravagantly worn on the model gowns of the coming season, and the Ville de Paris has so large an assortment as to suit every possible purse and taste. To trim or not to trim is not a possible equation with this fascinating department of the Ville de Paris.

Once more, my dear, I am,

Yours,

LUCILLE.

South Figueroa street, March seventeenth.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequalled in tone.



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On the Stage and Off

"Mrs. Warren's Profession," which will be seen at the Los Angeles Theater next week, has provoked more comment than any other literary or theatrical event in recent years. The reading public has been familiar for many years with "Mrs. Warren's Profession" in book form, but because of a strong opposition, the play was not presented on the stage until its well favored production at the Manhattan Theater, New York City.

"Mrs. Warren's Profession" is composed of live-wire material, which no other playwright has had the daring to handle in dramatic form. It deals with a social problem of tremendous force, but offers no preachments or sermons. George Barnard Shaw has struck at the heart of modern life and endeavored to prove that heart to be rotten.

Miss Mary Shaw, who needs no introduction to the American public, will appear in "Mrs. Warren's Profession," and a company that is adequate in every detail will support her.

Why is it that actresses who win world-wide reputations sieze upon unclean problems as their forte? Why is it that they choose to portray ladies who have more or less murky pasts—usually more—and who end the plays either by killing themselves or being the cause of some man's damnation? Is it because they cannot find what they

regard as the necessary emotional scenes in a clean play, or is it that an inwardly delighting and outwardly disapproving public revels in such things? If the former be true, then more shame to our playwrights; if the latter—well, the public is a strange and fickle being and there are some hopes for it.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell follows in the road of her predecessors, and gives us painfully realistic pictures of "women who have dared." There is no doubt of her artistry. She is depressingly convincing as Paula in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Her methods are repressed and effective, her gestures good, but she has a voice that plays her tricks at times. She gives versimilitude to Paula's tempestuous passions, her flickering gusts of temper, her animal-like jealousy; her pitiful craving for the affection of her husband's iceberg daughter. The utter dreariness of her face and voice in one line, "the future is simply the past over again, entered by a different gate," and her description to Tanqueray of their future life when old age comes upon them, are dispiriting in their very realism.

Mrs. Campbell's support is English, her son and daughter being among the company. The former had little opportunity to show any ability, and the latter, is a tall, awkward, sweet-faced girl, reminiscent of Ethel Barrymore in everything but the noted Barrymore magnetism. Ben Webster falls somewhat short of the mark as Tanqueray, and Edgar Kent would give a much more enjoyable performance were he to eliminate a nerve-wracking and effeminate giggle from his voice.

Lewis Stone has triumphed in widely diversified parts on the Belasco stage in this city—his masterly creation of Sidney Carton, his Cassius, his Karl Heinrich and a number of others. This week in "The Middleman" he overshadows his other successes in the part of Cyrus Blenkarn. Seldom does a leading man consent to play anything but leads, the parts of stereotyped lovers and heroes. Lewis Stone sets a good example this week. His picture of Cyrus Blenkarn, the old potter, is an achievement of fine detail, of both broad and delicate effect. He is well nigh perfect as the gentle old dreamer of the first act, with his infinite affection for the daughter "who understands" an old white-haired man with lined face and tender mouth and an abiding faith in human nature. Stone's facial expression in the second act, when Blenkarn learns that his daughter has erred, is a triumph of art—his dull, wearied voice repeating the only words that have meaning to his momentarily deadened brain—and then the wonderful fire, the bitter intense passion of the climax when he drinks his cup of misery to the dregs—its very force made one afraid of anti-climax. But in the third act he sweeps along with the same intensity of feeling, the fine shades of pathos—and again the passionate, moving climax. And in the last his quiet, sad face, stern of mouth and somber of eyes, is forceful without his speaking. But in the last two words of the play, the simple words "Mary, Mary," Stone best illustrates his ability. He makes it a cry of human gladness and of desires realized—a cry that rings absolutely true. Surely Lewis Stone

has proved himself an artist in the best sense of the word in this characterization.

The rest of the characters are thrown entirely into the background by Stone's delineation. They are all uniformly invaluable in supplying the necessary atmosphere, from George Barnum as an M. P. to Richard Vivian as a county potter with a Bow-Bells cockney accent.

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Fred Watson and Morrissey Sisters,

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Matinees Sunday, Tuesday, Saturday.

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Last Times Saturday and Sunday of

"THE MIDDLEMAN"

Next week commencing Monday

"The Secret Orchard"

Regular Belasco prices prevail. Every night 25c to 75c. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 25c to 75c.

"Cupid at Vassar," which is presented at the Los Angeles this week, is an aimless hodge-podge of melodrama, burlesque and musical comedy—not enough of any to allow classification. Florence Gear as Kate Newton, about whom the play is built, is a comedienne of ability and sings pleasingly, but she has an annoying little crescendo squeal that is sadly overworked. When Miss Gear doesn't know what else to do she squeals, even in the midst of what would otherwise be an acceptable song. Harry B. Roche needs toning down a bit before he fully realizes his talents. Mr. Roche was last seen here in the support of Miss Gear in "The Marriage of Kitty," and proved himself an actor of merit. George H. Timmons is a droll Shiny, and George Lewis is an excellent caricature as Hank. The chorus girls are very ordinary, with the exception of one tall stately girl, who attracted much attention without any seeming effort.

English melodrama occupies the Burbank stage this week, and appealed less to the Sunday afternoon audience than has a play for some weeks—at least until the third act, when there was a battle scene which bordered largely on burlesque, and which aroused mingled cheers and laughter. The name of the concoction is "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," but one is at a loss to know where the title "comes in." William Bauman, a new member of the company, plays an English gentleman like a gentleman, and is pleasing both in manner and voice. Harry Mestayer makes a "haw-haw" Englishman quite human—but then Mr. Mestayer has a special fondness for juvenile parts. The cast is notably long, with several excellent bits. Byron Beaseley is a convincing villain, and arouses more enthusiasm than any other character in the play. Blanche Hall does her best with the tremolo part of Blanche Lindesay, and Maude Gilbert is a charming villainess. Maude George is worthy of mention in the character part of a "woman's rights bicyclist." The last act displays an unusually presentable set of one-line supers—among them a number of pretty, self-possessed and well-gowned girls.

The Orpheum has about the best bill of many a long day—clean, crisp, entertaining, and on the move from first to last. One turn is of only mediocre interest, Jas. F. MacDonald, the singing story teller. His "Handle Me With Care" is the only trump card, and this scores simply by braggadocio slaps at a friendly nation. These things are in detestable taste, and should never be permitted.

Emmet DeVoy's "In Dreamland," while not original in idea, is rare good stuff in the doing of it. DeVoy is a capital actor, and his support far above the average. One mistake he makes, however, is in imagining that any poor devil of a husband should be punished for yielding to the witchery of such "A Daughter of Venus" as Miss Hermione Shone delineates so temptatiously and alluringly. Ten to one that every Jack man of a husband in the audience would have gone the same old way of all flesh.

And what a bunch of vivacity the Eleanor Falke is! Drat those maddening hands!—not to mention the pretty tripping feet and the shapely appended belongings. Eleanor certainly is a perfect little bundle of charm, but, truth to tell, the color box might well be toned down a hair or two.

Les Freres Riego are tip-top, their "four high" being easily the best and neatest dare of its kind. The "Kid" is about the coolest thing going, and his boyish sense of quiet humor is not to be lost sight of.

Tom Armstrong and his comely mate do a most diverting turn, Tom's fool song topping every known height of foolishness and getting the sillies into everybody concerned. Tom is rare good fun, and clever withal.

The dainty Curzon Sisters in their pretty aerial butterfly act, and the Petching Bros., with their freak flower music, complete a truly splendiferous bill.

Trusty Tips to Theatre Goers.

Grand—Anarchy as exemplified in the workings of the Black Hand society in New York and other eastern cities is the fundamental theme of the week's offering by the Ulrich Stock Company. "Tony, the Bootblack," the title and principal role of the play, is a young waif who in his vagrant ex-



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New Song Hits, Advanced Vaudeville Numbers, and the latest Moving Pictures. Matinees daily, except Friday. Ladies' Souvenir Matinee Thursday. Friday, Amateur night, always a hit. Prices, 10c and 20c. Reserved Seats, 25c. Evening Shows at 8 and 9:30

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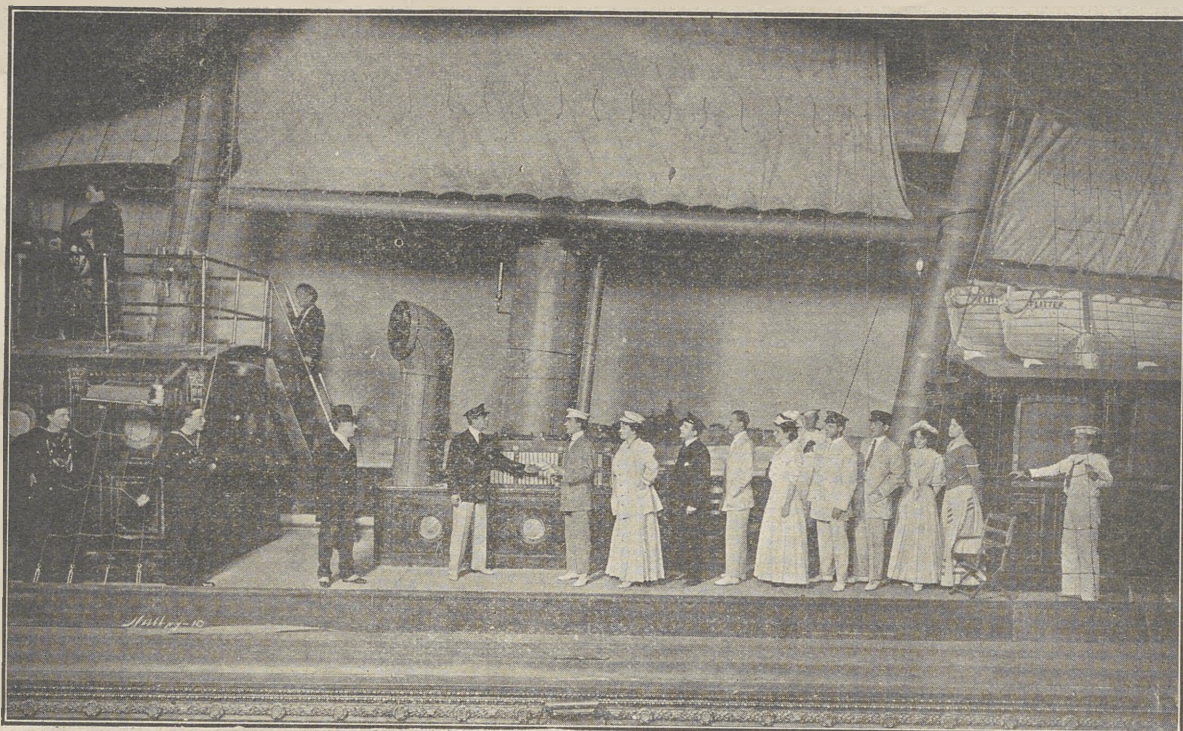
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Don't fail to visit the Famous Heidelberg Cafe.



Actual Yacht Scene from Brewster's Millions

istence comes into much curious information, among other things, a knowledge of many of the secrets of the terrible society. He is the drudge of one Carlos Rodrigo, and as the story develops it is discovered that Rodrigo has stolen the boy from his parents when an infant, in revenge for the lad's father having outrivalled him in the affections of a woman. Morton, the banker, is Tony's real father, and when Rodrigo endeavors to complete his revenge by abducting Morton's other child, a girl, Tony comes into his plans in an unexpected manner. The bootblack foils the Black Hand gang of which Rodrigo is the leader, and assists in the restoration of the girl to her home. Incidentally he is recognized as the banker's son and all ends happily. This play is one of the recent successes of the New York melodrama houses, and should repeat its popularity here.

Orpheum—"Polly Pickle's Pets in Petland," the latest and largest of Joseph Hart's pantomimes, is promised at the Orpheum for the week commencing with next Monday's matinee. La Slyphe is the stage name of a young woman who has won fame in every quarter of the world. Her first notable success was attained on the English music hall stage at the Alhambra in London. Her first American appearance is with the Orpheum circuit. Little Pich is another new name,

but one which will hereafter hold hilarious memories for the patrons of the Orpheum. He is a grotesque comedian of European renown. Fred Watson and the Morrissey Sisters are ideal vaudevillians, clever dancers, good lookers and excellent singers. Emmet Devoy and his company will repeat "In Dreamland," the Freres Riego, and Kara the Juggler are also held for a second week, and James F. McDonald will be heard in new songs and stories.

Mason—Cohan and Harris present the dramatization of George Barr McCutcheon's story, "Brewster's Millions," which was a best seller, for the first time in this city, commencing Tuesday night. The scenery is said to be of unusual excellence, the third act showing a yacht in a storm—a scene which received the praise of nearly all the New York papers.

Belasco—Channing Pollock's dramatization of the Castle novel, "The Secret Orchard," which roused a mingled storm of condemnation and approval on "The Great White Way," will be given its first stock production at the Belasco this week.

Burbank—The Burbankers return to Broadhurst farce again this week, when the old success, "Why Smith Left Home," is to be revived.

In the Musical World

By FREDERICK STEVENSON

The Lyric Club concert is always an event, and the performance of the thirteenth, while not on the top-notch of emotional mood, formed quite a red-letter night in the crowded musical calendar.

The woman's voice question, much after the fashion of woman herself, is quite a problem.

Given an inherent talent for melody, tinctured with a taste of pretty harmony, a dash of climax bitters, a color of patheticism, well mixed in the music-school shaker—one would naturally think that a foaming beaker of the nectar of the Gods is bound to be poured forth.

But, unless I grow crabbed with age and cranky with the years that flit by, not one

man in a hundred, big, little or moderato, has the faintest idea of the peculiar needs of woman's voice writing—or of the cravings of woman herself, for that matter.

This is not a pessimistic diatribe, nor does the writer pretend for a moment that the whole musical writing world is either addle-pated or weak at the knees.

But it does us good to come down to hard,

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stone-cold facts once in a while; and today, in especial, I feel like having an Aunt Sally seance with woman's choral work as she is writ, and bad luck to the heads that happen to get in the way of the flying sticks, be jabers! (With apologies to Miss O'Donoghue and the 17th of March!)

Tote your eye up and down the nine-lined composer column, and you find a quite eloquent list of capables, notables and possibles.

Tote your ear up and down the nine-lined perpetrations of these capables, notables and possibles, and you find, what?—just two thoroughly worth while, because thoroughly enjoyable; one on the near-line of the delightful; three so irreproachably respectable that not a tint of emotion could touch the nunly cheek, not a bone of the buried Richter creak with pedant pain; and the rest so wanting in most of the essential elements of the effective that the wonder is how clever folk can ever bring themselves to the writing of so much waste.

And now, incidentally, let me make it clear that this criticism is directed solely against the works themselves, and in no sense against the choice of them by the music committee, or against their interpretation at the hands of the Club.

In fact, to be both fair and candid, I do not believe that, with one exception, I myself would have chosen differently from the committee; and, as to the interpretation, I opine that there is no body of women's voices in the country which could possibly show such beauty of tone or such perfection of finish.

But this does not affect the oddity of the fact that the genius of writing for women's voices en masse is an extremely rare one; and therein lies a very strange puzzle.

Take, for example, Arthur Foote's ambitious and lengthy setting of the Gertrude Rogers' "Lygeia." Mr. Foote is, undeniably, the greatest of living American composers, a writer laden with the gifts of the Gods and thoroughly steeped in the modernity of the later manner.

But, through all the long range of extremely clever writing in "Lygeia," there is little that, to my mind, touches the spot—that is, little that sums up the end and aim of music—the creation of deep, abiding, sensuous delight.

Some moments, truly, are of almost surpassing beauty—the one, in much of the work allotted to the solo contralto voice; and again, and still more notably, in the exquisitely plaintive pianissimo coda.

For the rest, there pours forth a steady stream of musicianly writing in which there can be found neither element of fault, nor touch of ecstasy.

And, to sum up briefly, the like may be said of Elgar's "The Snow," and Woodman's "Nature's Resurrection." The first-named, beautifully sung, and supplied with a double violin obligato prettily played by Miss Grace Dering and Miss Beatrice Atkins, has all the elements of the fine Elgar hand; and, yet, no particularity of effect is evoked, no grip is taken on the emotions.

The Huntington Woodman work is a pleasant good morning, "Have you used Nature's April Dew?" just that, and nothing more.

Hawley's "Ah, 'tis a dream," exceedingly pretty in its original song form, is of noneffect in concerted shape. Capitally sung, and excellently treated on the whole, it,

nevertheless, set no pulses beating.

The old friend in new garb, Arditi's "Homage to Beauty" more nearly impinges on the border line of good effect; and, if it were possible to bring about a fine climax without spoiling the tonal quality (a thing practically out of the question in large bodies of female voices), the result would be altogether satisfying.

The one gem of the evening was Josephine Sherwood's "Little Pappoose," a dainty little thing of quaint design, full of fetching character, charmingly interpreted, in every whit delightful.

Who Josephine Sherwood may be I have not the faintest notion. But I would like to take her by the hand and say: "Little woman, you have the right idea; hold on to it; keep your eye steadily on the star of beauty of effect—never minding the rocks of sterility on the one side or the sloughs of ugliness on the other."

And now, look you, this one small thing was the only number on the program which brought a vociferous encore; proving yet once again that the public and the writer are, after all, of one and the same mind in craving the music which gets hold of the emotions, sets the pulses tingling, takes a clutch on the throat, sends the shivers down the spine—some one, at least, or all, of the divers ways in which humanity may reach out and touch hands with humanity to the enriching and enjoying of the God-given musical sense.

* * *

I had no intention of expounding these beliefs at such extreme lengths; but it may not have been altogether amiss in showing the difficulties under which clubs are laboring when they attempt to provide programs of strong magnetic power.

I want effect in music. Without this, music is merely as so much sawdust shaken to the four winds of heaven—striking nowhere in particular, sowing no seed for later fruitage, giving nothing to humanity that adds one iota to the sum of either solid happiness or passing pleasure.

A word for the soloists of this admirable concert, and a warm tribute to the superb body of ninety-four voices which did such glorious work under their talented leader, Mr. Poulin.

Miss Kie Julie Christin has developed tremendously since I last noticed and commented on her work. The voice is beautiful, very beautiful—far beyond the average equipment of even the leading artists. The peculiar pathetic tinge is of exceeding beauty, and the old morbidity has passed. With it has gone nearly all of the dangerous chest exaggeration, and the upper range is developing generously.

Miss Christin is thus finely endowed; and, with constant determination to develop her physical powers, she should have a great future.

Mrs. Lemuel J. Selby shows the characteristic features of a fine nobility of tone and a broadly schooled musical instinct. Nervousness, I rather suspicion, brought about a certain amount of reserve and held back the free abandon and full declamatory delivery of which I am sure Mrs. Selby is capable.

Miss Willy Smyser's vibrant young voice is, I fear, getting dangerously near the undue resonant line. A pretty voice, a very

pretty natural voice, it behoves this attractive young maid to look all the more carefully that it does not run away into the bad lands of the over-metallic.

Mrs. Annie Mottram Craig, a young soprano matron who, after a trip into and some experience in the field of Canadian music, should certainly be in good church work here, commands my strong sympathy both for the intrinsic quality of her voice and for the high ambition and sturdy determination to make a name and position for herself.

It is the more regrettable that Mrs. Craig should choose songs which in no way do her full justice. These florid Chaminade and Liza Lehmann excerpts are well enough in their way, I suppose, but their way is bad walking at best for the young singer.

Mrs. Craig is thoroughly capable of good work, a positive treasure for the church wise enough to know goodness when it sees it, a perfect mine of genial good nature and unlimited work. She deserves all of good that can possibly come to her, and I sincerely hope she will get it.

Mr. Poulin conducted with all the command and resource that experience has given him, and Miss Mary L. O'Donoghue, the iridescent and irrepressible, received an extra-size ovation in view of the nearness of St. Patrick's Day. God save Ould Ireland!

* * *

Mr. Bruce Gordon Kingsley's "Parsifal," which drew a big house at the Temple Auditorium last week, was, to be quite frank, chiefly instrumental in showing how good a thing might be made out of this form of entertaining under adequate treatment.

Mr. Kingsley is fully en rapport with his material. Of this there is no doubt. But that he makes the best possible use of it is easily manifest to the knowing eye and ear. The extravagant language of the descriptive program is out of touch with delicate artistry, to begin with. One may forgive much to the advertising spirit. But there is a line beyond which good taste will not pass.

Moreover, the stereopticon views might be much bettered—in the matter of coloring especially.

But the chief weakness lies in Mr. Kingsley's delivery of the textual story. The voice is too light, the manner too precise and cold. The speaker of today must be fluent, forcible, extremely flexible in tonal range, of easy pliancy in widely varying conversational style, of ready wit and occasional pathos.

In other words, the ideal lecturer must compel and impress by strong personal magnetism. He must interest and hold by the vitality and intensity of a style which never lets go for an instant.

Mr. Baumgardt understands these things and practices them. He takes grip of his audience on the instant, and you could not rid yourself of the man and his fascination, try as you would.

Mr. Kingsley understands none of these things. He breaks his lecture into all sorts of unnecessary fragments, subjecting his audience to irritating waits; and he fails to efface himself in the total absorption in his subject—an error into which the ideal presenter will never for a moment permit himself to fall.

There is a splendid field for Mr. Kingsley in this type of work. He has all the initial

ability, and an amplitude of acquired knowledge. But he needs the iron hand of the coach on three separate counts, and, if he be wise, he will lay hold on it in short order.



Harold Bauer

Harold Bauer, the pianist, will present two unhackneyed programs at Simpson's Auditorium on Monday evening, March 30, and Monday evening, April 6. Four years ago Harold Bauer came to this city with no flourish of trumpets, and quietly took his place among the various entertainers who come this way yearly to enlighten us upon the compositions of both modern and classical authors. On his third trip he has assumed the position of teacher, and will

give to both our students of music, as well as to the general public who are acquainted with piano music, selections from MacDowell, Schumann and some of his own variations from Cesar Franck, Chopin and Brahms.

Special rates will be given for teachers and students; the seat sale being on at Bartlett's Music Store.

The program for the first concert is as follows

1. Sonata Eroica, Op. 50, "Flos regum Athurus" (MacDowell, 1861.)
I—Slow, with mobility. II—Elf-like, as light and swift as possible. III—Tender, longing, yet with passion. IV—Fierce, and very fast.
2. Fantasiestücke, Op. 12, Des abends; Aufschung; Warum; Grillen; In der nacht; Fabel; Traumeswirren; Ende von Lied (Schumann, 1810-1856.)
3. (a) Prelude, Fugue and variations, Op. 18 (Cesar Franck-Bauer, 1822-1890.); (b) Polonaise in F Sharp Minor (Chopin, 1810-1849.)
4. (a) Air de ballet (Gluck-Saint-Saens); (b) Waldesrauschen (Liszt); (c) Variations on a theme by Paganini (Brahms.)

Director Hamilton, of the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra, has concluded to change his usual order of program numbers, and will create an innovation for the closing concert of the successful season of orchestral work. There have been many requests this season for a Wagnerian program, and although pronounced somewhat heavy by a portion of the orchestra patrons, there seems to be in this case a united opinion that the last concert should be an artistic as well as a gala event. The membership of the Orpheus Club, Ellis Club, the Lyric Club, the Ladies' Symphony Orchestra, the Gamut Club and the Dominant Club have all agreed to lend their presence and their help toward making this the crowning musical event of the season.

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Autos and Autoists

By JACK DENSHAM

Here comes the season of spring, when the record breakers break forth and hurl themselves into the newspapers and the dark unknown of long roads leading from Los Angeles to any other part of the State. Bert Smith took a ride with Harry Harrison to Fresno. Harry took a hunch and let the little old Oldsmobile out, thereby making a record run. Fired with envy and deep determination, Renton takes Charlie Gates with him and goes after the Breakfast Food Kid's record. This was done on the return trip, and now the Great Smith (a very good car at the price, by the way) is the proud owner of the record from Fresno to Los Angeles. Does it stop here? Nay, nothing like that. Bill Ruess will tune up his Pope-Hartford and see what he can do. Personally I have faith in Bill Ruess, and great faith in the Pope-Hartford. There are some cars that would give way before Bill's high-handed methods, but the Pope-Hartford is almost, if not quite, Bill-proof. Please take note that I am allowed to josh Bill Ruess as much as I like. He takes it out of me personally by the pinching method, and everybody who knows me or reads the "Graphic" is well acquainted with my true views con-

cerning the irrepressible Dutchman. If the man from Grand avenue goes after the record, I believe he will take it. My belief is founded on the expectation that he will take me with him. Am I not the only mascot? I shall array myself in the same old British riding breeches, now much oiled and worn, but still the lucky "breeks," borrow from Nels his hunting coat and sweater, and thus arrayed, ballast the tonneau and bring that good little old Hartford to victory. I am aching for such a chance. I shall drop the moderate indecencies of my usual slangy method of composition, and hie me back to the days when I was taught to construe the maunderings of the Latin orchard monger, one Horace. Then shall I tune my typewriter and set forth a story that is worth reading. (Eh, what? Why, of course I mean it.)

Just when this record run will take place I cannot say, but it will be soon, probably next week. If you see by the dailies that we have started look out for the great description in next week's "Graphic."

While I was talking to Bill in the office of the ferry boat there entered one Jim Butler. Jim is the father of Tonopah and a typical mining man. Like most of his ilk, especially the successful ones, he has a very

nice sense of humor, and can rattle out a colloquial bon mot with the best of them. He sauntered into the office and looked at me quizzically. Then he glanced at Bill and said: "Say, Bill, I reckon I'd better get back to the mines. I can't make any money round here, and we need some to keep the buzz wagon in juice. I had an idea to get a job on one of the papers. Think I could make good? I'm on to this newspaper game all right. All you have to do is to pull out a stub of pencil and a piece of paper. Then you make marks all over the paper that look as though a drunken chicken had walked across it, and finally go back to the office and write two columns of stuff." Jim's manner is inimitable and the delivery of this little speech was by far the funniest part of it. As a matter of fact, if he were to loosen up and tell some of the stories he knows, he could keep twenty Sunday supplements busy for twenty weeks. And that reminds me that Bill Ruess has also been the means of knocking out the tail-light ordinance. I am glad of this, because it is obvious, on the face of it, that it is not the autos that need the tail lights, but the slow-going wagons and buggies. George McKeeby was the medium, and he has done an excellent piece of spiritualism in materializing this petty worry away from our local autoists.

The following outburst has several titles, as follows:

Mr. Batchelder's Socks, or
The Socks of Mr. Batchelder, or
Foot Notes that Minimized Would Make
You Quaver.

They are not clocks on the radiant socks
That cover our Batchelder's feet,
But a pattern rare, designed with care,
Occasionally shows itself to the air,
And, oh, the effect is sweet!

Two Trillies wee disport in glee,
A cov'ring of rainbow hue,
And we gazed in awe at the sight we saw,
And wildy we rushed to the office door;
"Three cheers for the Red, White and
Blue."

Mr. Batchelder assured me that if I as much as jingled one jingle on the subject of his pedal clothing, he would slay me on sight. I am very nervous, but, great guns, what are you going to do about it when the

ragged muse is roaming around and butting into every subject, even so sacred a one as that of the Stearns man's socks.

Entered one by the name of Montgomery while I was lost in poetic admiration of the tone scheme of the socks above referred to. Why I never met him before I do not know, seeing that he runs the York Pullman agency, and is an Englishman of the clean-cut sportsman type. (And goodness knows we could do with more of that kind.) Mr. Montgomery told me that they were thinking of starting another dealers' association. I know nothing of the reason for this action, nor is it my business to inquire, but if it tend to the betterment of the business in general, it shall certainly have all the boosting I can give it. Ed Caister, Lord, the American Car agency, Walter Cosby, and one or two rubber men have signified their willingness to join. Maybe two associations are necessary in a town of this size. There are certainly sufficient dealers to uphold two of them. Those who are forming the new association are equally my friends with the others. Therefore, if there is any friction, little Jacky Dough Boy may be depended on to take no sides in the matter. A new craft launched. Eh, bien, vogue la galere.

Here is one on Bill Boland. Bill is in the same office with Tom Higgins, he owns an antediluvian Winton which I have dubbed the "Ark." Recently he was arrested twice for breaking certain city ordinances. One was to do with speed, and I can swear that the cop was mistaken, because there is such a thing as mechanical and physical impossibility. Bill was trundling along in the ark, and he approached the rear view of a youth on a bicycle. Said youth was heavily laden with parcels, and Bill thought to be facetious. "Hey," he shouted, "Why don't you hire a dray, kiddo?" Quick as lightning came the answer, "Didn't have time, mister; lend us yours." It is recorded that Bill looked foolish, and Shem, Ham and Japheth, the other occupants of the Ark applauded the youth with much vociferosity.

Mr. Willeox gave me some very cheering information. He said that he had just gone over the books for last month, and had found that it was the best February he had ever had. Now that is what I call fine business. Not so much because people are buying Maxwells, good little car that it is, but it shows the general tendency for things to buck up. The Maxwells, being a low-priced car, appeal greatly to the farmers. If the farmers are coming into town and spending their money to buy autos, it is a cinch that business all round must be doing the "There goes the alarm clock, time to wake up" stunt. If anybody deserves to do a good business, as I have said before, and shall often do so in future, it is Mr. Willeox. (Poor, little, undersized, narrow-chested man. What, oh.) Which reminds me of a story told me by my mother's uncle before he left this vale. Willy Emerson was a Northumbrian and an artist. I think he was a fine artist and I know that he had all the love of sport and open-heartedness of the true artist. Withal he was about five feet two in his socks, and had a long beard that made him a fitting model for the comic supplement idea of a painter. He was very anxious to see "this Mr. Thackeray," and made a trip to London for that

very purpose. In the club, the friend that was to effect the introduction, described the noted novelist. Said he, "Willy, Mr. Thackeray is a man of about your size. He is very nervous, and has a weak voice; be careful not to irritate his nerves." Presently there entered a massive personality, with a voice like a belated fog horn, and the owner thereof came over to where Willy and his friend were sitting. After ten minutes' chat and a cordial invitation for the Tyne outsider to visit him, Thackeray, for it was he, left the club. The artist then asked if it were not time for the great man to appear. "You have already met him," said his friend, with keen appreciation of the joke. For some minutes Will Emerson stared at the speaker, then he said: "A man about my size, eh? Be careful not to irritate his nerves? Huh. I'm thinking that if you dropped a ton of Wallsend on his toes he might say damn, but you couldn't irritate his nerves with anything short of a poorly joke." And that is the way with Mr. Willeox.

The Ogre informed me last week that he was not running a Tourist weekly. The which I consider a very severe call-down. Nevertheless, as the music hall announcer said, I shall not refrain from telling about a very delightful trip I had last week. I decided that it was time for me to see some more of the open country and so, when I heard that Walter Sahland was going to take Mr. Garden down to Oceanside on his way to San Diego, I butted in. Mr. Garden lives at Oceanside, is the Tourist agent in that locality and is a man of parts. We left on Wednesday morning and took the ordinary route via Corona to Elsinore. With us we had a friend of Walter's, Mr. Baker. So long as Garden and I sat in the tonneau and Baker occupied the front seat, he seemed to be a man of small proportions. BUT, of that more hereafter. From Corona we had a beautiful ride up the canyon to Elsinore. Sun, sky, mountains and green-clothed valley all did their best for our delight. Elsinore looked very picturesque in its spring surroundings with the peep of the lake beyond; but we had no time to stop and admire views, as we had barely enough time to reach Oceanside before dark. The entrance to the Red Mountain pass was as grand and rugged as ever, and Rainbow even more smiling and generous than when I last saw it. At the foot of the grade we turned sharply to the right and struck up over the hill and down into Fallbrook. This was somewhat out of our way, but the longer distance was more than made up by the delightful sight of the little town as we came down to it. It lay nestling in a dip in the hills, and fresh and green and smiling as any hamlet in Derbyshire. The heat had given

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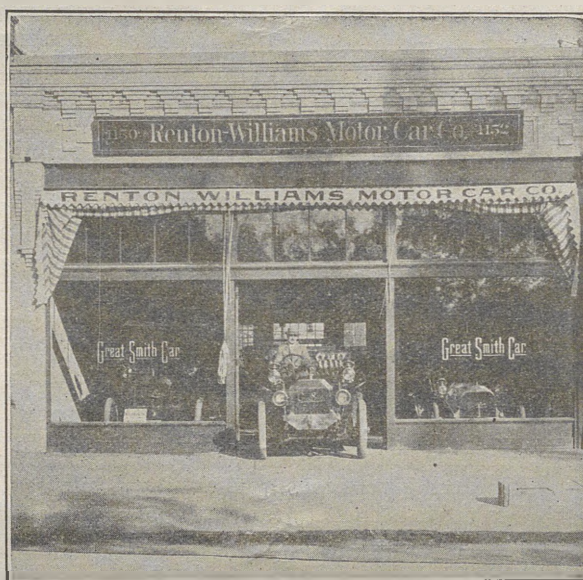
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place to a pleasant coolness when San Luis Rey and the Mission came in sight, and we rolled down into Oceanside gladdened by the greeting of the blue Pacific and perhaps a little awed by the glory of the sunset and the evening sadness in the air. Mr. Garden owns one of the most perfect little places I have ever visited. A roomy and rambling house, with a porch half hidden by the wealth of growing green in the garden and grounds, have been his pride and delight for twelve years. Flowers, palms and fruit trees of every variety, all arranged in the most orderly of artistic disorders and the glamor of the bright California night added a heaviness to the foliage and a depth to the coloring of the leaves. We seemed to have reached a corner of Paradise in truth.

A welcome from Mrs. Garden, and then a general removal of the dust of the journey. Walter prophesied that I should be found in the bath. He was right, and I dabbled deliciously for several minutes in the coldest and sweetest water that ever washed the dust from a weary traveler. Walter and I had hardly time to warn our hostess about each other's appetites when dinner appeared, and then we knew that it had been many long hours since we had lunched at Pomona. In the morning we visited the corral and admired the horses. Believe me, they would be admired by anybody, especially one who loves them. Then we piled into the machine and started forth on the way to San Diego, via the San Luis Rey Valley and the Valley Center grade. Mrs. Garden went with us so that Mr. Baker had to sit in the tonneau. Then I discovered how misleading had been my previous ideas of that man's circumference. Standing in the roadway he seemed to be a well-proportioned figure of a man. In the tonneau, squashed in between Garden and me, I found that my estimate had been all wrong. Walter says that the fault lies with Garden and myself, that we both have breadth enough in the hips to pose as Dutch laundrywomen. But that, of course, is all tommy rot. The road was smooth, the morning air was soothing, and after we left San Luis Rey Mission I confess that I snoozed. When I was nudged into wakefulness I discovered that we had passed Bonsall, on the south bank of the river, and had come to the ford. It was worth waking up for. The river rolled down towards the sea in a wide bed, bordered by thick growths of willow, beyond which rose banks of bright green, varied with the darker hue of pepper and gum trees. The water was shallow, and it looked as though we could make an easy ford. But the sand was very loose and deep, and, before we were half way over, we stuck. Nothing for it but to douse our shoes and stockings, and get out and push. This we did. But, say, that water was cold. Talk about your drips from the ice-chest, they are boiling water compared to the temperature of that innocent-looking stream. We waded to the bank and found some lumber, which we proposed to use as pries. But about that time a man came along in a sulky and said that he would go back a short way and send on a farmer with a team. While he was gone we decided to see what we could do with muscle and gasoline combined. There was nothing to it. With two Englishmen pushing behind and Walter working the control, we trundled out of that river and notified the disappointed farmer, with many gesticulations, that he

was not wanted. We would have felt guilty if we had not known that we were victims just escaped from the net of the "Ranchers' graft." From then, until we reached Pala Mission, the road wound along the bank of the river, through a maze of magnificent foliage. The road itself was rather narrow, but in excellent shape, and I can recall nothing so delightful as that swift rush through the sunlight, in and out round sharp turns, each one opening up a new vista of distant mountain, twisting, glistening river and smiling slopes and woods.



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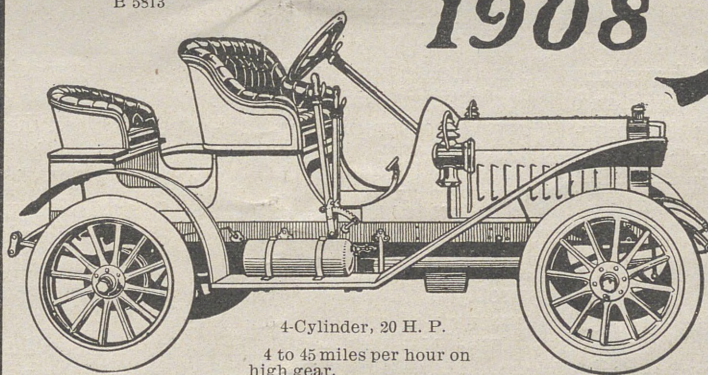
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Corner Pico and Hill Sts.

Both Phones

At the Mission, one of the most picturesque in the country, we stopped to take pictures and inquire the way, and then on again up the river. Here we turned sharply to the south, and could see, in the distance, the convergence of the hills where Huntington and his Southwest Land Company are going to put in a dam and save the priceless waters of the river. The river runs here through a flat and wide canyon. The eastern bank, along which we were traveling, is sharp and steep like a cliff. But around its base alders and ash trees clustered and spread out over the road, with quickening boughs ready for the weight of their summer foliage. When we left the river and turned off to the eastward again, we followed the course of a small tributary that dashed and sparkled over its rocky bed in such a delightfully chattering, laughing way that we felt as though we had another companion on our trip. We passed the Pauma ranch house, and kept along the steepening road until we came to the foot of the grade that climbs the Palomar mountains into the realms of fir trees and winter snow. Unfortunately, we had not time to reach the top of the grade which mounts six thousand feet in thirteen miles, but we went some way up and found ourselves high enough to command another grand view. The last of the sun-bathed valley below had given place to a mellow warmth in the air, laden with the delicious fragrance of the pines above us. Below us the valley and river stretched pleasantly shimmering in the heat,

but still softly green. Beyond the valley the hills rose and jealously tried to guard the ocean from our view, but here and there a careless drop in their rugged outline admitted a peep of the smiling sea. It was good, very good. I thought of the dusty canyon of Spring street and the hustling crowds of my friends chasing, hurrying, bustling towards the unattainable dip of the rainbow's arc. Some of them get very near to it, they grab a few straggling flecks of gold; but they have been misled. They find the gold, but never the little dwarf that guards the sacred meeting of the rainbow and the earth. They do not know that it is not the golden threads that will bring them nearer to the mis-shaped magician. It is true that he dwells at the rainbow's end, but he is not found by such seeking. He comes to all when he hears the magic call from the ritual of Kharsand of the golden key, and, for some few moments, he spoke with me on those sunlit slopes of Palomar Mountain. What is that magic call? How can I tell? It comes not from the tongue, and is heard only as a silent prayer. Perhaps I found the unspoken words when I inwardly vowed that, if ever I have a car of my own, I will take people to whom such things are longed for but unattainable and show them the smiling valleys, the beckoning hills and the silent mountains; take them into God's open air and give them a chance to drink in health, life and a deep wonder at the goodness of things, as I have done.

Then we descended the grade, passed

back over the same road as far as the Pauma ranch house. Two vaqueros guarded their horses from our puffing monster while we asked about a ford. "Take this wagon road," they said, "and you will find a ford with a rocky, hard bottom." We took that road and we found the ford, but no rocky, hard bottom. Instead we stuck in the sand, that was much looser and shiftier than that below. We worked for some time, but only sent the rear wheels further into the sand. Then we turned and hailed a Pala worker of the soil, who had two horses. Those horses were hitched on, but nobody had the right combination to make them go and we dismissed the descendant of the rulers of the mountain with half a dollar. Then we literally put our shoulders to the wheel and lifted that car out of the sand. Thereafter Mrs. Garden, God reward her, produced lunch from a basket and we ate, with thanks wobbling through the munching of our sandwiches. Then on again, up the Valley Center grade, along the undulating plateaus at the summit and then down into Escondido. By Scripps grade into San Diego, with a wetting when crossing the San Diego river, owing to Walter's facetiousness, and so to dinner. And then I experienced the disappointment of my life. I marched into Rudder's with the expectation of a welcoming smile, and found that the place had changed hands. Take my word for it, IT HAS.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequaled in tone.

Financial

By ALBERT SEARL, OF THE CORNISH-SEARL SYNDICATE

Cheap mining stocks appear to have the call on local exchanges just at this time, and the standard issues are a drug on the market. If indications count for anything, we are to have something of a dull summer.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

Wilcox Bldg., corner Second and Spring.
Los Angeles, Cal.

Statement at Close of Business, February 14, 1908.
RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	\$ 9,512,260.02
Bonds, securities, etc.	2,699,852.33
Cash and sight exchange	4,302,876.44

TOTAL\$16,514,988.79

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock	\$1,250,000.00
*Surplus and undivided profits	1,496,163.29
Circulation	1,250,000.00
Bonds Borrowed	145,000.00
Deposits	11,873,825.50
Other liabilities	500,000.00

TOTAL\$16,514,988.79

*Additional Assets—One million five hundred thousand dollars. Invested in the stock of the Los Angeles Trust Company and the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Company, and held by the officers of the First National Bank as trustees, in the interest of the shareholders of that bank.

We recommend the purchase of Home Preferred, Home Common, Home 1st 5's U. S. Long Distance, Central Oil, Union Oil.

FIELDING J. STILSON CO.

305 H. W. Hellman Building

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As for the inquiry being made by the special legislative banking committee, I doubt if anything tangible will come out of that. This in spite of the fact that all of us always have realized that few of the States of the Union are cursed with such slipshod lack of bank regulation as we are here in California. This in spite of the fact that the State ranks pretty high with the most prosperous in the amount of savings accounts.

The New York stock market has had an advance of a dozen points in spots in the past month, while standard local securities are stagnant. The recent agitation incidental to rates has not helped Los Angeles Home Telephone securities; the preferred is certain to continue paying dividends. It is an attractive purchase up to fifty.

The Merchants National Bank is now located in its new corner at Third and Spring streets, and the National Bank of Commerce has moved to the old quarters of the Merchants National, at Second and Main streets.

The First National, of South Pasadena, is in its new banking room, and signalized its removal by a reception.

The Bank of Hemet has elected the following officers: President, W. F. Whittier; vice-president, J. W. Crump; cashier, J. H. Scales.

R. H. Morse has been elected cashier of the Globe Savings, of Los Angeles, in place of the late Edward J. Scott. The Globe has called in more of its subscribed capital, and

the paid-in capital is now \$180,000. The bank will raise the paid-in capital to \$200,000 before September 1.

George H. Stewart, president of the Chamber of Commerce, is planning a conference for a committee from the Clearing House and the directors of the chamber to discuss financial legislation. It is intended to have the meeting at an early date. Requests for opposition to the Aldrich bill resulted in the chamber deciding to learn more of the work at Washington.

Bonds

Another bond election, to authorize an issue of \$50,000, is to be called at Santa Monica. This issue is for school purposes. An election, to decide on the issue of \$15,000 for various public improvements, is also to be held soon.

James H. Adams & Company have bought the \$25,000 school bond issue of South Pasadena.

Pasadena has voted \$150,000 for new school houses.

The Los Angeles Trust Company has taken \$25,000 of the Owens River water bonds.

El Monte school district, Los Angeles County, votes April 4 on an issue of \$15,000 bonds.

Pasadena will sell \$100,000 of municipal improvement bonds, on March 31.

In the Literary World

Let every good father and mother who knows the urgency of the children's quest, "Tell us a story," purchase this month's issue of "St. Nicholas," and the succeeding numbers as long as Judge Curtis D. Wilbur's delightful series of animal stories do run. "The Bear Family at Home," and "How the Circus Came to Visit Them," are the titles of these stories, and Judge Wilbur's local fame as the prince of story tellers for children is certainly to be widely extended by "St. Nicholas." As is well known here, these stories were told first for the entertainment of the Judge's own children. Judge Wilbur's devotion to little children, and his study and care of them has been further proved by the splendid work inaugurated under his direction in the Juvenile Court.

Francis Thompson, who died recently in London, wrote many of his poems under the spell of the charming Meynell family, as a writer in "Harper's Weekly" recalls. Wilfred Meynell it was who saved Thompson from despair, and possibly from death, at a time when he had sunk to so low an ebb as to be glad to earn a few pence holding horses in the street, or running errands. "The Sister Songs," his second volume, were written about Mr. Meynell's two little daughters, Monica and Madeleine. Wilfred Meynell is one of England's most distinguished literary critics, and his wife, Alice Meynell, is a poet of exquisite grace, charm and distinction. Some years ago Mrs. Meynell was entertained by the Newman Club of Los Angeles. Another intimate friend and great admirer of Francis Thompson was Miss Agnes Tobin of San Francisco, whose delightful translations, or rather paraphrases, of Petrarch, have won the highest recognition in the literary world. Miss Tobin recently gave a literary causerie before the Caedmon Club of San Francisco, and paid a rare tribute to the genius of Francis Thompson.

"The New Crusade," by Charles Edward Jefferson (Thomas G. Crowell & Co.), is a collection of sermons and addresses remarkable, says "The Argonaut," not only by their impassioned energy, but by their entire freedom from dogma and creed. The author's religion is one of daily life and conduct, of charity and helpfulness, and of the righteousness that exalteth a nation. The evils of civilization press upon him as a portent of disaster that can be avoided only by a manful reform of the individual by the individual himself and by an awakening of the spirit of co-operation among men of good will. The author is always stimulating and helpful. He speaks from the level of the pew, and he never irritates by arrogance or the pretense of spiritual authority. Perhaps he assumes too much when he supposes that national regeneration can come through the churches, but this detracts nothing from the unusual vigor of his utterances nor lowers the high moral plane from which he speaks.

Wallace Irwin has a new book in press, "The Love Sonnets of a Car Conductor," with a harmless and instructive introduction by Wolfgang Copernicus Addleburger, Professor of Literary Bi-Products, University of Monte Carlo. Irwin's "The Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum," though first issued a number of years ago, has not by any means been forgotten, a new edition having been printed this winter. By many this volume was looked upon merely as a clever literary eccentricity, but the discerning soon saw the serious purpose under the jest. One college professor, at least, used it in his classes as an example of the perfect sonnet form. The publisher's announcement of the new volume has the heading:

"Step lively, please, and join the lucky Con,

Whose car is off for Paradise—get on."

Helen Keller's beautiful attitude toward life and her courageous optimism in the face of what to most persons would be insurmountable difficulties, has endeared her to the hearts of us all. Another blind optimist who "is doing a man's work in the world" is Clarence Hawkes, author of "Shaggycoat; the Biography of a Beaver," and other nature books. Mr. Hawkes lost his eyesight through a shooting accident when a boy, but since that time he has probably learned more of the natural life about him than the ordinary man, even with perfect eyesight, would learn in a lifetime. A new book from the pen of Mr. Hawkes is promised for publication this year (George W. Jacobs & Co.) Its subject will be the bear in his native forest home.

Among the Authors.

The title of Winston Churchill's forthcoming novel is "Mr. Crew's Career."

Miss Mary Johnston, author of "To Have and to Hold," "Audrey," etc., is spending the midwinter months at Nassau in the Bahamas. Her new novel, which she is now completing, deals with the period of Thomas Jefferson, and will be published some time this year by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

William J. Locke, author of "The Beloved Vagabond," "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," etc., is now in Algiers at work upon a new novel. This will appear serially during the spring, and later will be issued in book form by the John Lane Company.

William Dean Howells, before sailing for Italy, saw the last pages of a new book through proof press. It is understood to be a novel of metropolitan setting, which will make its appearance during the immediate season. Mr. Howells is spending the winter in Italy, chiefly in Rome, and fixes his return for the spring, probably April.

"Edmund Gosse is the author of the book," says the New York Herald, in speaking of the anonymous "Father and Son," which is arousing so much discussion. In England the author's identity seems to have been firmly established, and Mr. Gosse is accepted as the author of one of the most remarkable books of the day.

One of the most important books on the spring list of Messrs. L. C. Page & Co. is a volume of essays entitled "The Making of

Personality," by Bliss Carman. Mr. Carman is better known as a poet than as an essayist, although his three earlier volumes of essays, "The Friendship of Art," "The Kinship of Nature," and "The Poetry of Life," have been widely read.

A new book by J. M. Barrie is a literary event. The new volume promised is a sequel to "The Little White Bird," published five years ago, and will be called "When Wendy Grew Up."

The "Graphic's" Literary Reviews are noted over the entire Pacific Coast

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,

Los Angeles, Cal., March 11, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Florence M. Mattingly, of 217 W. Avenue 37, Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement, No. —, for the purchase of the Lots 3 and 4, and E. ½ of S. E. ¼, of Section No. 11, in Township No. 2 N., Range No. 17 W., S.B.M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish her claim to said land before Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, Cal., on Thursday, the 21st day of May, 1908.

She names as witnesses: Ferd Tetzlaff, Fred Graves, Ramona Miranda, Frank Miranda, all of Chatsworth, Cal.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 21st day of May, 1908.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.

March 21-9t—Date of first publication, March 21-08.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,

LAND OFFICE AT,

Los Angeles, Cal., January 17, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Robert T. See, of Los Angeles, Cal., has filed notice of his intention to make final Commutation proof in support of his claim, viz.: Homestead Entry No. 11137, made July 12, 1906, for the N.E. ¼ of N.W. ¼ and Lot 5, Section 35, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S.B.M., and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver, at Los Angeles, Cal., on March 24, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, the land, viz.: A. W. Marsh, of Los Angeles, Cal.; J. W. Henry, Hippolyte Bienle, Celestin P. Herit, W. Chick, S. W. Chick, all of Santa Monica, Cal.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.

Feb.22-5t. Date of first publication Feb.22-08.



If you had met
me before you
would have
found me a
fine, ripe Cali-
fornia tomato
hanging on the
vine

*Bishop's
Tomato Catsup*

15c and 25c bottles at
all grocers.
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Los Angeles Ry. Co.

HOW PASSENGERS CAN AVOID ACCIDENTS

There is only one safe way to get off a car—grasp the handle with the left hand and face the front end of the car, then if car should happen to start you would not be thrown. Do not attempt to get on or off car while it is in motion. After alighting, never pass around the front end of car. In passing the rear end, always be on the look-out for cars passing in opposite direction on the other track. Have no conversation with motorman. Any information desired, communicate with conductor.

THE EQUITABLE SAVINGS BANK

Strictly a Savings
Institution

During the late financial stringency, we believe that none of the depositors of this bank suffered serious inconvenience, as every necessity, as far as known, was from the beginning amply and promptly cared for.

Checks were paid on "Special Ordinary" accounts at all times without interruption.

By January 1st conditions had so far improved that all restrictions on the withdrawal of money were removed.

Since that date all classes of deposits have been paid on demand, without requiring notice of withdrawal.

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for
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and the Land of the Cotton
and the Cane, and the
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